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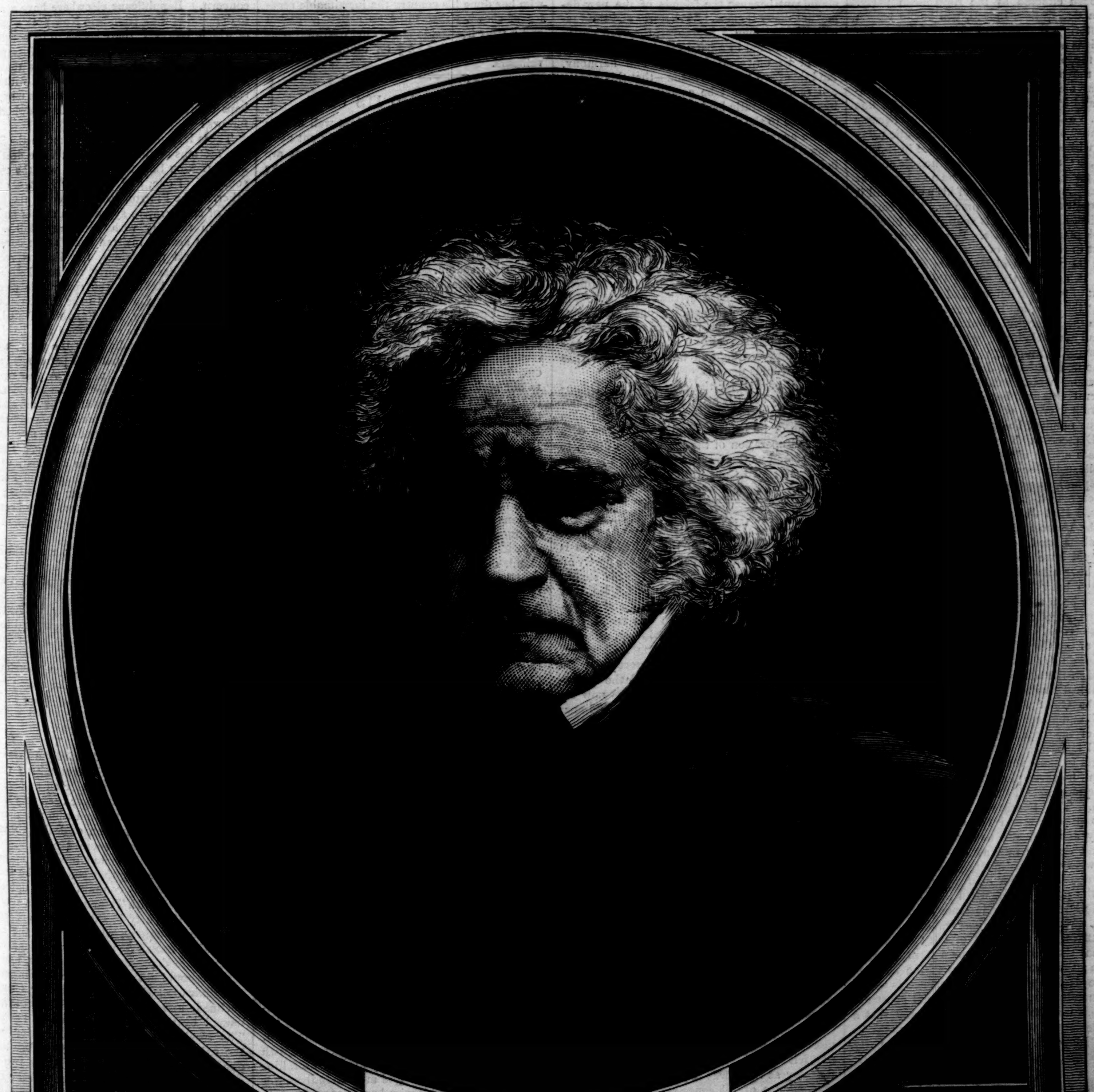
THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

SIR **JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL**, F.R.S., was the son of that eminent astronomer Sir **WILLIAM HERSCHEL**, who, just ninety years ago, discovered the Georgium Sidus, or Uranus, as it was called at first, but afterward appropriately renamed Herschel. The subject of this sketch was born in Slough, in Buckinghamshire, in 1792, was educated privately by a Scotch mathematician, and then proceeded to Cambridge, where he came out as Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. He became a Fellow of his college, St. John's, and continued his mathematical career by writing on the differential calculus and other similar subjects. He next published papers on various points of physical science; but the real work of his life began when, in conjunction with Mr. **SOUTH**, afterward Sir **JAMES SOUTH**, he deliberately set to work to map out the whole of the known stars. Double stars, nebulæ, and finally the stars of the southern hemisphere, were alike catalogued and placed by him. These enormous labors carry us down to the year 1838, when Sir **JOHN**, who had been knighted by **WILLIAM IV.**, and who was made a baronet at the coronation of the present Queen, returned from the Cape of Good Hope, where he had resided four years, at his own expense, for the purpose of completing his catalogue. Every honor that a scientific man can desire fell to his lot. He had awarded to him the Astronomical Society's gold medal; Oxford made him a D.C.L.; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of all kinds of British and foreign societies and academies; and, had he chosen to accept the office, he might, no doubt, have been President of the Royal Society.

He still continued his work, but henceforward it was of a more varied character. His mind had imbibed from his father a metaphysical turn, and he had, earlier in life, published his "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Science," a work which contributed more than any thing else to the popular recognition of his acquirements. Like many others, he translated **HOMER**, and in the *Cornhill* he published a poetical version of part of **DANTE**'s "Inferno." His other works were numerous, but of late years his principal contributions to literature were either articles in the quarterlies or papers in *Good Words*, intended to explain in popular language such subjects as volcanoes, comets, the sun, light, and the outlines of mathematical problems in astronomy.

Few philosophers of an age which has produced a **FARADAY** and a **BREWSTER** have attained distinction equal to that of Sir **JOHN HERSCHEL**. His mathematical acquirements and his discoveries in astronomy, in optics, in chemistry,



THE LATE SIR JOHN HERSCHEL

and in photography, were all of a very high order, and, being aided by an admirable style, secured for him the widest reputation among men of science both at home and abroad.

Sir John Herschel married in 1829 Margaret Brodie, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart, by whom he had a family of nine daughters and three sons. He is succeeded in the title by his son, Mr. William J. Herschel, of the Bengal Civil Service.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 24, 1871.

Harper's Weekly contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *In the* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *will be found a number of interesting sketches of*

Fountain Cave, in Virginia,

from the graceful pencil of W. L. Sheppard; *an illustrated* Memoir of Sydney, Lady Morgan; *the continuation of* Lever's *admirable novel,* "Lord Kilgobbin;" *and other literary attractions.*

A NON-DEPARTING NEW DEPARTURE.

ALL good citizens will gladly see the Democratic party desert its revolutionary and threatening position, and declare its assent to the beneficent and fundamental changes which have been effected by the Republican party. Such a declaration, indeed, will be no reason for restoring the party to power, not only because it is not made from conviction, and merely for the purpose of attaining power, but because the party contains the chief moral and political elements of hostility to the government and its principles. The only credit due to Mr. Vallandigham, who has now become the leader of that part of the Democratic party which wishes to profess acquiescence in the situation, is that of perceiving that the sole chance for his party is at least to assume a virtue. But his platform is not yet that of his party; and it is not clear that it will become so. The Northern chiefs insist that it is senility and insanity to think of any thing else. But the commanding fact in the history of the Democratic party is that its Southern element has always controlled it, and for the reason that it was the element of real conviction; and we have yet to see that the situation is changed.

After the Democratic National Convention of 1868 had assembled, and before its nominations were made, a Southern Democrat remarked that the nomination of Judge Chase would be a surrender which would dissolve the party. "General Grant," he said, "would, in that case, walk over the course." There was a very different opinion, however, among many New York Democrats. Their reasoning was that to nominate a man who had been a conspicuous Republican leader would inevitably demoralize the Republican party. But if the reasoning were correct, it was applicable to their own friends. Had Judge Chase been the candidate, the Democratic traditions would all have been abandoned; every Democratic rallying cry would have been silenced; not an orator would have alluded to the past; slavery could not have been justified; the "nigger" could not have been reviled; the war could not have been denounced; the "usurpations" of the Republicans could not have been condemned; the rescue of the Constitution could not have been proclaimed: for if the Constitution had been violated, if the war was unjust, and its conduct a tyrannical usurpation, nobody was more guilty than the Chief Justice. To sneer at "the gorilla" and cheer for his colleague, the Secretary of the Treasury, to spit upon unconstitutional legislation and vote for the father of the legal tenders, was something so preposterous that, however plausible as a party trick, it was impracticable if there were any party conviction. The Southern Democrat and his friends prevailed, and the Convention appropriately and logically nominated a candidate who had virtually said, as Mr. Dickinson was never weary of repeating, that he would see the Union dissolved rather than slavery disturbed.

At the present time, when the Ohio leaders have declared their acquiescence in the amendments, three things are observable: that Mr. Pendleton was president of the Convention, and that the resolutions favor a form of repudiation; that the party organs of the new departure declare that the acquiescence is not in the amendments, but in the judicial construction that may be put upon them; and that a vital element of the party in the Southern States emphatically rejects the movement. If a party were, what some of the New York Democratic leaders naturally suppose it to be, a mere team of draught animals, to be turned this way or that at the pleasure of the drivers, such tricks as the nomination of an old Republican or the sudden abandonment of the party position might be practicable. But the very hedging about the new departure, the bitterness of the attacks upon the Southern leaders, and the bungling about repudiation which betray the movement, show that the Vallandigham leaders do not feel themselves to be masters of the situation.

The Republicans have their troubles, but no such fatal gulf as this Democratic difference divides them. Kentucky, for instance, is a model Democratic State. The real principles and traditions of the party are there most vigorous and most cherished. The character and promise of Democratic ascendency can be satisfactorily studied in the State of Kentucky, as in the city of New York. Now Mr. John G. Carlisle, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in that State, says that the new departure platform, instead of laying the question of the amendments, merely raises it for the whole campaign; that the amendments are not dead issues, and that "the courts" have power to try their validity. Mr. Alexander H. Stephens announces that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments are not valid. Father Ryan, in his discourse over the Confederate dead at Mobile, upon which occasion he was introduced by that active Democrat, "Admiral" Semmes, remarked that the lost cause "is not a false cause, but a true and noble one, and ought to be cherished: it is a cause which remains to be vindicated by succeeding generations." Jefferson Davis's speeches are already familiar; and Henry S. Foote says that he has no doubt of Davis's mischievous hopes. Some of the Southern papers assent to the new departure as the only chance for a Democratic restoration, but others resolutely denounce it as an utter betrayal of Democratic principle.

Such facts are significant. They are not less significant because the friends of the new departure decry them as idle rhetoric and the ravings of dead men. Moreover, they are not to be pooh-poohed in a patriotic desire that there should be universal fraternity and harmony. And this for a twofold reason—that this Southern sentiment must be conciliated or coerced by the Democratic leaders, and that the smooth reference to the decision of the courts by those whose acquiescence is in its nature suspicious shows how the union is to be sought. The hollowness of the professed acquiescence, therefore, immediately appears. If the Ohio Democrats accept the amendments as valid, they agree that they bind the Supreme Court as much as the President. If the Supreme Court can pass upon their validity, it can pass upon the validity of the whole Constitution. The Supreme Court has no more authority over a single clause of the Fourteenth Amendment than over every clause of the instrument. It may, of course, in an action properly brought, declare its view of the meaning of the amendment; but it is the validity which Mr. Carlisle says it may decide, and which Mr. Stephens and his friends deny.

It will be well for the country if the Democratic party heartily acquiesces in the situation. But it must not expect the obscure declaration of some of its leaders, even when united with bitter vituperation of the leaders who differ, to be accepted as the frank adhesion of the party to the amended Constitution and the restored Union

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Vice-President of the United States is a man so universally respected for the purity of his active political career, and for his steady fidelity to the truest American principles, that there was a very general sympathy and apprehension felt for him when he was recently so suddenly, and apparently so seriously, attacked by illness at his post in the Senate Chamber. The papers and private reports were instantly full of statements which increased the apprehension. Mr. Colfax, however, has now returned to his home at South Bend, in Indiana, and writes to Mr. Reid, the managing editor of the *Tribune*, that the journey made him stronger, and that in the quiet of his home he is regaining the health which shall be more carefully guarded in the future than it has been in the past.

His letter is very interesting, not only for its correction of the personal misstatements about himself, but as dispelling the popular conviction that the Vice-Presidency is a wholly ornamental office. Theoretically, indeed, the Vice-President is merely the chairman of the Senate during its sessions; but actually, when, like Mr. Colfax, he has personally high political eminence, and is honored and trusted by a great dominant party, his constituency is necessarily immense and his engagements are engrossing. Therefore it is easy to believe what he says, that "for the past ten years, certainly since first elected to preside in the House eight years ago, when my constituency became wider than a single district, I have never risen in the morning, here or at Washington, that I have not felt I had twice as much work to do that day as there was really time for. A correspondence of all conceivable inquiries, and all kinds of business, etc., often extending to hundreds of letters per week, I have attended to myself, in addition to official duties, always in hours stolen from rest, and frequently in hours stolen from sleep. The very day I was attacked, having felt the oppressive atmosphere of the executive session more unpleasantly than usual, I left it, and going to my room, wrote a large number of letters to catch up with arrears of correspondence. Returning to the chair at 4 P.M., the blow fell ten minutes thereafter."

The clumsy and cruel methods of parts of our political system are responsible for this attack, and for much of the ruined health of our public men. Doubtless part of the enormous correspondence with which the Vice-President has vainly struggled consisted of solicitations for office and political favor. It is patronage that poisons our politics and slays our statesmen; and it is easy to understand the mingled disgust and despair which produced Senator Trumbull's bill making solicitation for office by a Representative or Senator a misdemeanor. In the departments at Washington it is estimated that one-third of the time which is essential for the prosecution of the public business is consumed by this dicker of patronage. Mr. Colfax has resolved that, after so serious a warning, he must mend his ways. Let us hope that we shall not always compel our trusted and honored leaders to endure such warnings. And if any body thinks that it was tobacco, and not "mental strain without relaxation," which occasioned his illness, the Vice-President distinctly states that instead of having smoked five or six strong cigars that day on an empty stomach, as was alleged, he had smoked but one cigar just after breakfast and six hours before the attack.

But whatever the cause of his illness, every body will hear with the utmost pleasure that it is relieved, and gladly hope that a gentleman who has done his country the inestimable service of showing that to be an active politician and a truly honorable man is not to forfeit popular favor, may live long for other services as valuable.

WEALTH AND ITS USES.

There was recently an incident well worthy attention in a city and a country so intent upon money-getting, and in which great riches are sure of great homage. There are men in the city of New York with revenues larger than those of many princes. There are an ostentation and extravagance of expense which recall the painful spectacle of European inequality of welfare, and which suggest the inevitable effect of unbridled luxury upon national manners and national freedom. The newspapers now so plainly disclose the most private events that the public is compelled to observe the manner in which great riches are employed. We read of fêtes that recall royal traditions, of a luxury and splendor which would amaze sultans, of a reckless and vulgar profusion which suggests only barbaric magnificence. It is not peculiar to our society. It has been the mark of satirists, the text of moralists, in all times and countries. French duchesses smiled upon John Law; the British aristocracy bowed before King Hudson.

Yet rich men, and those who it is believed can make other men rich, have an ascendency in this country certainly not less than they have in countries where society rests upon gradations of rank. We read of American entertainments at which, if the host were an emperor, with the revenues of an empire at his command, displaying a luxury which represented no labor of his own, but simply the resources of his subjects, the scene would scarcely be different; and like an emperor's court or Hudson's drawing-room, we may see—in the newspaper—his house thronged with those who come to pay a social homage which they hate to offer, but which, as essential to their pecuniary or political advantage, they do not dare to refuse. At such feasts—and they are too frequent in this country—every thing is present but taste, refinement, intelligence, and mutual respect. They are illustrations of the worst uses of great riches.

It was most delightful, therefore, to read in the same papers a description of the incident to which we have alluded as worthy attention. It shows that if our society does not lack the unhandsome aspects of an older country, it yet has those which distinguish Christian civilization. Upon a recent May evening the great Cooper Hall in the city of New York was crowded with a company of friends and students of the Union, who united with the past pupils to the number of several thousand in offering an address of honor and gratitude to a rich man; not because of his riches, but because of his humane and noble use of them. When the address was ended he arose cheerily, and, more than eighty years of age, and at the close of a life of steady and honest industry, he stood before those whom his charitable wisdom had enriched, a most venerable and honorable man. The building in which they were assembled, with all its opportunities of every kind of useful instruction to the poorest and most friendless, was the monument of his wise beneficence; and, in reply to their grateful address, he made a simple speech, in which the most sagacious counsel was blended with the modest and manly assertion that in his judgment great riches were but a trust given to men, not for personal ostentation, but for the benefit of mankind.

He said that during an active career of nearly sixty years he had never lost sight of the purpose, if God should prosper his work, of founding "an institution to which all young people of the working-classes who desired to be good citizens, and so rise in life, might resort without money and without price, in order to acquire that knowledge of their business and science which in these days is absolutely indispensable to a successful career." And when at the end of his reply the good old man, thanking his "young friends"—he had almost said "his children"—for their expressions of respect and gratitude, "so touching because so full of love," asked them to receive what he had said as "a kind of last will and testament of the garnered experience of an old friend whose days are almost numbered, and who asks only to be remembered as 'one who loves his fellow-men'"—no wonder that the eyes before him were full of tears, and that the hall rang with enthusiastic applause. In the midst of the tales of the selfish extravagance and gross luxury to which riches are so often prostituted, this little incident of the true use of riches, and the suggestion of the eternal monument of gratitude which it builds in human hearts, may be wisely pondered.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW YORK.

The electoral vote of New York is so important, and it is so evident that the utmost harmony in the Republican party of that State is essential to its success, that the present fierce difference in the party is a subject of national concern. Republicans elsewhere have a right to demand of their friends in New York a union, of which, however, there seems to be now little promise. The difficulty, like most of the party quarrels in our politics, originates in the system of patronage, and is complicated with personal ambitions. The exact situation may perhaps be described to our friends elsewhere as follows:

There have been for some time in the State two sections of the party. After the death of Mr. Lincoln Senator Morgan was the representative of one, and Governor Fenton of the other. The Fenton section accused the Morgan of conservative sympathies and of an alliance in the city with Tammany Hall. The Morgan section insisted that, under cover of loud radical professions, the Fenton section had demoralized the party, relying wholly upon trickery, and banning the really able men of the party in the State. In the Senatorial election, two years ago, Mr. Fenton defeated Mr. Morgan, and it was understood that he claimed, as the latest candidate of the party, a controlling voice in the national patronage in the State under General Grant. A year ago, as the anti-Fenton wing assert, the President totally lost confidence in Senator Fenton, and declined to be further governed by his advice, removing some of his friends and nominating those who were of the opposite wing. The debate in the Senate upon the nominations was very hot, and Senator Conkling and Senator Fenton spoke with exceeding plainness; and from that time the two Senators have been the representatives of the opposing wings of the party.

When the appointments were made the Fenton section declared them to be fatal to the party harmony upon various grounds, but mainly because of the familiar fact that some of the new officers had been friendly to Andrew Johnson's Philadelphia movement, and to Mr. Hoffman in 1868, and had also held relations with Tammany Hall. The Conkling wing replied that it would not do to press such views too far, inasmuch as some of the most positive Fenton men were friends of Tammany in 1868, and were now, in 1870, firmly allied with the enemy. In the autumn the party in the State was organized for the year. The State committee was found to be decidedly a Conkling committee, while the city committee was as decidedly Fentonian, and elected as chairman Mr. Greeley, who had never been very friendly to Senator Conkling, and who was more favorable to the nomination of Judge Chase in 1868 than to that of General Grant.

In consequence of complaints from many Republicans in the city that some of the leading members of the city committee were notoriously in fellowship with Tammany Hall, a reorganization of the party in the city was ordered by the State committee, which invited the chairman, Mr. Greeley—who, in his inaugural address, while deprecating such action, had said that he should not oppose it—to superintend the reorganization with Mr. Orton. Mr. Greeley declined, and Mr. Jackson S. Schultz was named by the State committee in his place. The result will be a new organization, which the existing city committee will refuse to recognize; and there will, therefore, be two delegations to the State Convention, and the representatives of the party in the State will decide which of the organizations shall be considered regular. Meanwhile the question of the Presidential candidacy has become involved in the difference. Mr. Greeley is opposed to the renomination of General Grant, and is himself proposed as a candidate; while Senator Fenton and his friends, without being committed to Mr. Greeley, are opposed, with him, to General Grant's renomination. The other wing favors General Grant for another term.

If this is a fair statement of the general party situation in the State, of course without the infinite details that are familiar to both sides, the argument to the Convention upon the part of what may be called the Administration Republicans will probably be that an organization controlled in great measure by gentlemen known to be profitably allied with the most corrupt Democratic leaders ought not to be recognized by the party in the State, although it may point to Mr. Greeley as one of its coadjutors. Nobody, they will say, doubts that Mr. Greeley is a sound Republican, but nobody would assert that his judgment is equally sound. To this the reply of the anti-Administration Republicans will probably be that the new organization represents the interest that naturally desires the renomination of General Grant, and that many of its chiefs were formerly as deeply tainted with Tammany alliances as any of their opponents are now. It will be a simple alternative for the Convention. It will be in vain to wish that there were no differences, and that the party in the city of New York would harmonize itself. The Convention must decide. And upon the Tammany point this consideration, at least, will be obviously urged with great force, that, admitting what is asserted upon both sides, the Republicans who have renounced all connection with Tammany are certainly more trustworthy than those who still maintain that connection and profit by it.

The party situation in New York is deplorable, but it is due not so much to persons as to a system which all sides have supported, and which is sure to imperil the ascendency of any party the moment that the most vital and overshadowing immediate issues cease to determine an election.

THE PROPER DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

It is pleasant to record that General Sherman has very promptly expressed his opinion of the habit upon which we commented a few weeks since, of erecting every conspicuous man who expresses an opinion upon public affairs into a candidate for the Presidency. The General is an ardent man of positive opinions, which he emphatically expresses. He is, as we said, essentially a soldier. The method of deliberative bodies, and in general what is called statesmanship, is distasteful to him. Moreover, it is very well known that he is a warm personal friend of the President, and therefore the shouting of his name as a possible candidate for the Presidency was extremely disagreeable. His expression of dissent is very decided, and very characteristic. If any body misunderstands either his feeling, or his disgust at the misrepresentation of that feeling, it is not his fault. "I hereby state, and mean all that I say, that I never have been and never will be a candidate for President; that if nominated by either party—I should peremptorily decline; and even if unanimously elected I should decline to serve. If you can find language stronger to convey this meaning you are at liberty to use it. I am your obedient servant."

This language will probably "do." Truthful James was not more explicit. The complete letter-writer does not furnish a model of a more unmistakable no. And the Democratic party having suddenly lost this string to their bow, must replace it, and it is very evident by whom. There is one gentleman whose bold policy is considered to be the true point of departure for the success of that party, and whose declaration is hailed as the means of party regeneration. It is a worthy gentleman, "which his name it begins with a Wee." It is true, indeed, that he and the ex-candidate, General Sherman, did not agree during the late unpleasantness. But, on the other hand, he and his party did agree; and if the General was a proper candidate, how much more proper is Mr. Vallandigham! With Mr. Vallandigham as the candidate, with acquiescence in the Republican policy as a platform, and with "glory to the Lincoln hirelings" as a campaign cry, the Democratic party could be sure of all the success it deserves.

A FRENCHMAN UPON FRANCE.

The obvious disadvantage of the few telegraphic lines from France which we read every morning is that they are as likely to convey mere rumor as fact. One day we learn that M. Thiers is anxious for absolute power, the next that he favors a republic; to-day that the Bourbons have fused, to-morrow that they have not. It is very difficult, indeed, from any published accounts to understand the actual situation of the country; and all the more valuable, therefore, are the views of a most intelligent Frenchman, for many years resident in this country, and an officer in the army—General De Trobriand—who has recently returned from a visit to his native country, whose condition he studied with painful interest. Before the war General De Trobriand was well known in literary and social circles in New York. He married here, and when hostilities began at Fort Sumter he entered the service, and rose rapidly and deservedly to high rank. In France his social and political sympathies were with the Legitimist party, but he long since became truly an American citizen.

The General's view of the situation in France is almost hopeless. Unless parties can unite, the gradual dissolution of the nation seems to him inevitable, and he can see no probable basis of union. The Legitimist, or old Bourbon party, is strong in Brittany and the south and among the clergy. Of the strength of the new Bourbon, or Orleanist branch, he expressed no opinion; but thought that no monarchical party would succeed, because all the others would combine with the republicans against it. The empire was strong with the peasants, who are ignorant and selfish, and whose political preferences depend upon the price of their butter and eggs; and the imperialists are very busy hoping for a compromise upon Louis Napoleon's ground—a strong government and a quasi-constitutional form. The republicans proper are intelligent but few. They are weakened by honest visionaries and by the Commune tendency. Yet the only chance for France is a republic; and Thiers is as sincere a republican now as he was monarchist formerly, because he sees that any effort for monarchical restoration would lead to civil war. General De Trobriand says that the demoralization and degradation wrought by the empire are inconceivable. It was the worst government France ever had; but it is not likely to be restored, because it has lost its master.

It is a sad view of a nation which but a year ago seemed so imposing and powerful; but it confirms the impression of all who have carefully watched the year's history. So great a catastrophe must needs have a moral explanation. A nation does not suddenly fall into chaos because its guns are more or less excellent. It is the men behind the guns who at last decide the issue. If they are ignorant, degraded, venal—if integrity and purity and honor have all been lost in what is called order or glory—the nation will crumble like a mummy under the first powerful blow. And what is to restore the moral force which can alone reconstruct the nation? That is the question which General De Trobriand can not answer; and it is the question of supreme importance for every French statesman.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Vallandigham was in town a few days ago, and held high conclave with the great braves of Tammany about matters Presidential. He afterward took a "new departure" for his Ohio home. When the secrets of the last Democratic National Convention come to be written, it will be found that Mr. Vallandigham, who always had and always will have his own way of what Dean Richmond used to call "sloshing around," played a not inconspicuous part in its plots. He was opposed to Mr. Pendleton, and though not elected a delegate, nevertheless found a way to obtain the place of an amiable member, who retired in his favor. He was in close communion with the New York delegation, and present at several ot their conferences. He was for Chase. At a little meeting of the long-headed at the Manhattan Club the night before Seymour's nomination, it was arranged that Vallandigham should nominate Seymour, who was to decline in favor of Chase, when the latter was to be put through with a hurrah. M'Cook, of Ohio, undertook the job for Seymour in earnest, and after the nomination Mr. Vallandigham is said to have patrolled the vicinage of Tammany making remarks of a most objurgatory character.

—It is stated that Mr. Reverdy Johnson frankly admits that the Treaty of Washington is on many accounts much better than the one which he negotiated when minister at the court of St. James. Mr. Johnson is a sensible man and man of the world. He has been in active public life over half a century, having in 1821 been elected to the State Senate of Maryland. From 1845 to 1849 he was United States Senator, which he resigned to become Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Taylor. In 1862 he was again elected United States Senator for six years. His English mission was not much of a success.

—The Hon. John P. Hale, after a protracted illness and long disappearance from political life, is recovering, and may soon be expected again to mingle in New Hampshire politics, and give a world of worriting to the "ins," who will find trouble in keeping him out. He is an adroit manager, having seen more of public life than any New Hampshire man of his age. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1832, and from that time to the close of his mission to Spain, in 1869—a period of thirty-seven years—was constantly in the public service, excepting two years. He is now sixty-five.

—Ex-President Johnson was in attendance at the Industrial Exposition held at Knoxville, Tennessee, the latter part of May, and by invitation addressed the immense assemblage that had gathered to see the curious things to be seen, and hear the curious things to be said. The ex-President commenced his speech by saying "he was a mechanic, not in theory, but in practice, and was proud of it. The youth and vigor of his life had been spent at one of the trades. In 1826 he was a boy, and thrown upon his own resources, without money or friends. He had started out in life as a tailor, had held all the offices within the gift of the people, and now, in the evening of his life, it was appropriate that he should address mechanics. He was proud of his trade. Adam, the father of us all, was himself a tailor. He sewed fig leaves together to make aprons in his little shop in the garden."

—John Stuart Mill has a pleasant nod from the London *Times*, which says: "Mr. Mill was born to exite hope and disappoint expectation. He is always gay and always abortive. With never-failing freshness and inexhaustible good-nature, he resumes before each audience his old position at the beginning of all things, and marches us triumphantly up to a dead wall."

—Hon. W. S. Groesbeck, one of the ablest lawyers of the West, and a pillar of the Democratic party in Ohio, furnishes, in one respect, an example that lawyers and public men may emulate with credit. At the request of the pastor and officers of the Vine Street Congregationalist church, of Cincinnati, he delivered on Sunday evening, May 28, an eloquent address on "The State, the Church, and the Family." The officers of this church are making efforts to introduce to the Sunday night audiences distinguished Christian laymen for addresses upon the great themes of life and religion.

—The Count de Chambord, whose name is now prominent as a candidate, indeed the only candidate, for the French throne, will be fifty-one years old in September. His father, the Duke de Berri, was assassinated six months before his son was born. He was baptized with great pomp, in water brought from the Jordan by Châteaubriand, and used, in consequence, to be called "the child of the miracle." In 1846 he married the Princess Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. They have no children.

—Minister Washburne estimates at their value the honors and responsibilities of diplomatic position. Quite recently he wrote to a friend here: "It is a terrible thing to have to remain in a city of two millions of people where there is no shadow of law but the law of force and terror. I had rather be in Galena, living in the little house I bought in 1840, than to be here." This is from the man who was the author of the bill reviving the office of lieutenant-general, which was conferred upon Grant, and who may be said to have engineered his nomination to the Presidency. Although Mr. Washburne is only fifty-five, he was, on retiring from Congress, its oldest member, or "Father of the House," having served fourteen years continuously.

—James Anthony Froude, the historian, has availed himself of the "Clergy Disabilities Act," and retired from the ministry of the Church of England. The career of Mr. Froude has been somewhat notable. He is now 53 years of age. He graduated from Oxford high in classics, took the Chancellor's prize for the English essay (on political economy), and was elected Fellow of Exeter College in 1842. He was one of the early adherents of Pusey and Newman, wrote much in "The Lives of the English Saints," and took deacon's orders in 1844. He is the author of "The Shadow of the Clouds," published in 1847, and "The Nemesis of Faith," published in 1849. In 1850 he commenced a series of articles in the *Westminster Review*, and in *Fraser's Magazine*, chiefly on English history, and in 1856 published the first volume of his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey." In 1867 he published "Short Studies on Great Subjects." His theological views have undergone such change that further continuance in the Church of England became out of the question.

—The bachelor member of President Grant's cabinet, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Robeson, has just escaped matrimony—in the papers. Although he has the reputation of giving dinners where choicest viands and choicest wines go hand in hand (or hand to mouth) with brightest wit, he is nevertheless known in Washington as one of the most industrious and methodical magnates of the government, and who is emphatically secretary of his own department. It is understood that he is especially regardful of the interests of the Republicans of Pennsylvania, as there have been few administrations since 1802 in which Pennsylvania has not had a cabinet minister, President, or a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

—On Tuesday last, June 20, Queen Victoria completed the thirty-fourth year of her reign. Should she live to double that, it would carry her to 1905, and her age would be eighty-six, or about four and a half years more than that of her grandfather, George III., when he died. Louis XIV. reigned more than seventy-two years; and Ferdinand I., of the Two Sicilies, sixty-six years. Should Victoria reign for sixty years, she would have worn the crown longer than any other English sovereign, as her grandfather, who now holds the first place on the list, died in the sixtieth year of his reign and the eighty-second year of his age.

—Ex-Governor and ex-Senator Henry S. Foote has gone into print in a Tennessee paper to vindicate himself from certain aspersions, and to tell Mr. Jefferson Davis and those who follow him that he points the finger of scorn at them. When Mr. Foote was in the Senate he was frequently in opposition to Senator Thomas H. Benton, author of "Thirty Years in the United States Senate." On one occasion he said to a friend, with a sly chuckle, "Give my respects to Colonel Benton, and tell him I am writing a *little book*, in which his name will figure." Colonel Benton, in reply, said, "You can make my compliments to Senator Foote, Sir, and tell him, Sir, that I am writing *a very large book*, in which his name will not figure at all."

—It is just five years since General Cass died at his home in Detroit, at the age of eighty-four; but it was not until last week that the monument over his grave was completed. It is a granite column twelve feet high. On one side is the name, Lewis Cass, in simple Roman letters, and on the reverse is the Michigan coat of arms. Its cost was $10,000. The foundation is stone masonry, ten feet deep, in the centre of which are walled the remains of both the General and Mrs. Cass. The career of General Cass was a remarkable one. His early military record is one of the best of all the officers of the war of 1812. After he became Governor of the Territory of Michigan he negotiated twenty-two distinct treaties with the Indians, and secured to the government the immense territory of the Northwest. In 1831 he became Secretary of War under General Jackson. In 1836 he went as minister to France, and became not only popular as minister, but was one of Louis Philippe's most intimate personal companions. His subsequent career in the United States Senate and as Secretary of State under Buchanan are familiar to the public. He was a very able man, a prudent man, a perfectly honest man, a habitually temperate man, and thoroughly American.

—Rumors are again rife of the contemplated retirement of Mr. Fish from the cabinet. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in noticing the report, says that the President is anxious to retain Mr. Fish for other reasons besides his public services. He undoubtedly esteems him very much. Mr. F. is a wholly different sort of person from nearly all the politicians with whom the President comes in contact. He is courtly, learned, and diplomatic. He is a high-minded man, perfectly sincere and honorable; always moderate in his temper, and always sensible in his views. His manners are those of a gentleman, and his society is genial and agreeable. He is not "on the make." The President has always been greatly attracted to him, and that not only because of the toothsome dinners he gives. Mr. Fish, in turn, has an influence, in some ways, over General Grant much greater than that of any other member of the cabinet or of any member of either House of Congress. He does not "rush" to the support of every thing, and has certainly given a measure of ability and respectability to the cabinet which it would not possess if his place were filled by some of the "red-hot" politicians or party "war-horses."

—Sir Roderick Murchison, who has just resigned the presidency of the Royal Geographical Society, after an incumbency of eighteen years, was one of the most popular of English scientific notabilities. In early life he was in the army, and served in Spain and Portugal from 1807 till 1816. After that he went into geology, and became president of the Geological Society. He has contributed upward of one hundred and twenty memoirs to the transactions of various scientific bodies. He was the first who publicly expressed the opinion that gold must exist in Australia, and urged some Cornish miners to emigrate thither to delve for it, which they did, and found it, in 1851. He was a member of the prominent scientific societies of Europe; a man of great tact; had much scientific curiosity and knowledge, and with a fine social position was really one of the most agreeable and popular old gentlemen in London.

—Von Raumer, the German historian, was 90 years old on the 14th of May. He has been a professor of the University of Berlin for 53 years. Some of these old bookworms live to a fine old age. Fontenelle died at the age of 100, after having been secretary of the French Academy of Sciences for 40 years. Voltaire called him the most universal genius of his time. Hippocrates died at 109; Swedenborg at 85; Harvey at 81; Heberden at 92; Ruysch at 93; Sir Christopher Wren retired from carpentering at 86, and died at 91; Humboldt at 90; Josiah Quincy, Jun., at 92; President Nott at 93 years and 8 months. But beyond any of these stands Dr. Theophilus Clark, of Tinmouth, Vermont, who is probably the oldest practicing physician in the Old World or the New. He is 98 years of age, has been in constant practice for 66 years, is hale and hearty, and has no more thought of giving up the active duties of his profession than when he was a boy of 50.

—Dean Stanley has preached, in Westminster Abbey, what the London journals speak of as a fine sermon on the death of Sir John Herschel. He took for his text the Hebrew account of the origin of the heavens, and applied it to Sir John, both as astronomer and as one who had learned how to divide (intellectually and morally) light from darkness: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years. And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so." The Dean paid an earnest tribute not only to what Sir John Herschel had done to develop "the grand curiosity of the age," but also to his humility—a humility, he said, equally needed by the students of theology and by those of natural science, and described it as the character of the true philosopher to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The city of New Orleans is partially submerged in consequence of the extensive breaks in the Mississippi levees above Lake Ponchartrain. The flood covers an area of five or six square miles, about three hundred blocks of the most densely populated part of the city being under water. The distress is very great, and every thing in the form of a boat is used to relieve the imprisoned inhabitants. The damage is something incalculable. The Bonnet Carré crevasse has restored the old channels of the Mississippi.

A singular phenomenon was witnessed a short time since near Mason City, Illinois. It consisted of a moving column of vapor extending from the earth to a passing cloud. In its path, which was quite narrow, but extended three miles in length, all vegetation was destroyed, and in some places the ground was furrowed a depth of six inches. Electric flashes were seen to ascend the column.

By a fusion with the Labor Reform members the Democrats have obtained control of the New Hampshire Legislature, electing all the officers of both houses. James A. Weston, Democrat, was afterward elected Governor for the ensuing term.

FOREIGN NEWS.

But little change has taken place in the political situation in France. The decree of exile against the Orleans princes has been repealed, and their election declared valid; they have, however, resigned their seats, at the same time disclaiming all intention of intriguing against the republic. The elections for filling vacancies in the Assembly are to be held on the 9th of July. It is rumored that Prince Napoleon will be a candidate for Corsica, and that the Prince Imperial will also be presented as an aspirant for a seat.

The Marquis of Gallifet, a distinguished French soldier, was assassinated in Paris on the 8th of June by the widow of a Communist who had been shot by his orders.

Jules Mires, the celebrated French banker, died early in June in comparative poverty. He had been very wealthy.

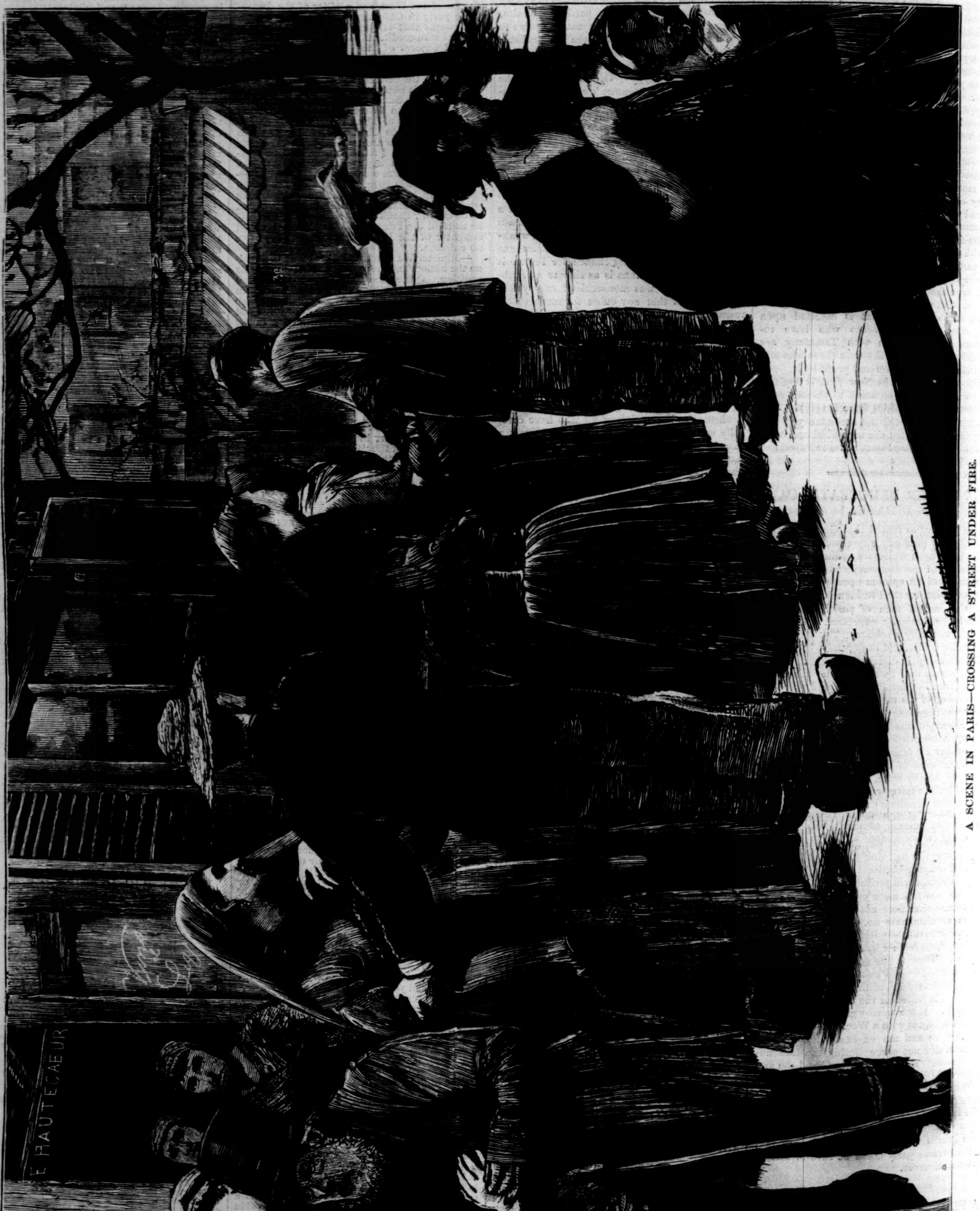
The Italian government is to be transferred to Rome on the 1st of July.

A severe conflagration broke out in Constantinople on the 7th of June at four distinct points, giving rise to suspicion of incendiarism. Two hundred houses were in flames at one time, but the wind being light, hopes were entertained that the extent of the fire would not be much greater.

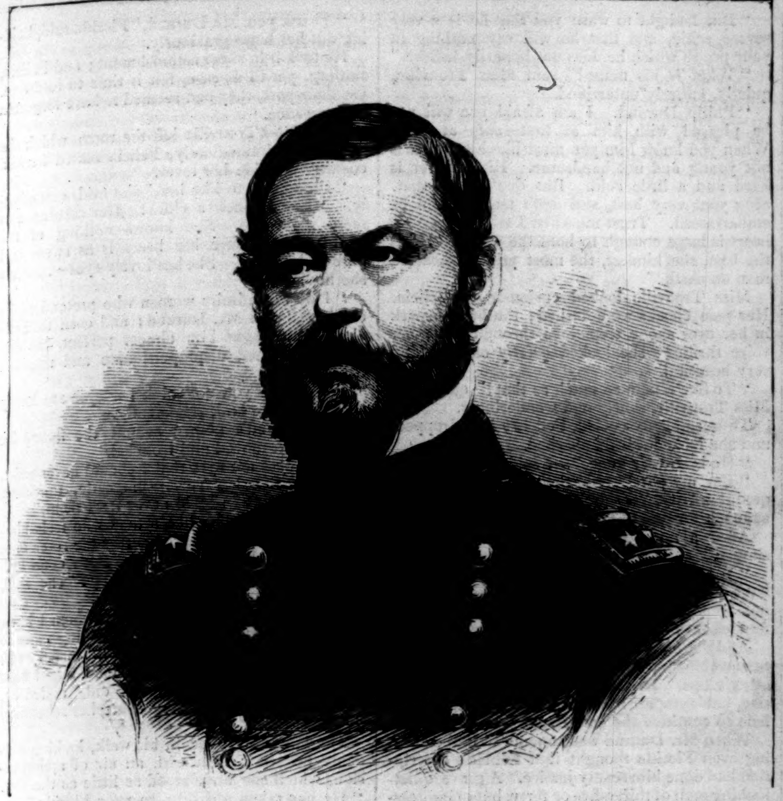
CROSSING THE STREET.

Some six months ago a sort of wailing protest was raised against the threatened bombardment of Paris by the German armies; learned bodies sent expostulations to their learned brethren across the Rhine, declaring that the thing should not and must not be; the Paradise of good Americans, the capital of Europe, the Mecca of pleasure-seekers, with its palaces and picture-galleries, its columns and arches, and delightful, never-to-be-forgotten boulevards, was not as other cities, and the thought that it should be profaned by shells, and feel the stress of that war which it had welcomed so heartily, caused a thrill of sentimental pity and horror which was expressed in the denunciation of the King of Prussia as a "barbarian." That feeling was no doubt perfectly honest—sentimental feelings generally are; but what has become of it now? Who was there to cry "barbarian" while M. Thiers won his victory over the Commune by pounding Paris with shells? The general feeling seemed to be that he had done his pounding too gently, and shown a humane hesitation in bringing things to a crisis which was akin to weakness. We have nothing to say against this view of the case, but all we plead for is a little consistency; and if M. Thiers was justified in raining shot and shell upon the devoted city, so surely was the Emperor of Prussia. Perhaps they are both barbarians, but we see no reason for being more polite to the minister than to the Emperor by entering no protest against his method of pacification.

That first or German bombardment was but a trifling matter compared to the second storm of fire—what might be called a "one-horse affair;" but it was a novelty; people's nerves were not used to the screaming and crashing of shells, and the terror of the first was very likely greater than that of the second bombardment. The Parisians had become so accustomed to their hostile visitors that they would even take peeps at them through telescopes and dodge them round corners. On this page is a sketch showing what a nice matter of calculation it had become during the siege to get across the way. The dangers of crossing Broadway are not small, but when omnibuses are replaced by bursting shells it must be very nervous work. The sudden screech must have turned many a venturesome wayfarer back just as he had stepped into the road to make his rush across. As he shrinks behind the protecting corner the noise comes nearer and nearer, there is a crash, a bang, and a large hole is scooped out of the road-way. "Now run," says some one; and he runs, crosses between the shells as we see men thread their way among a ruck of carts and omnibuses. Sometimes people are run over in the streets of New York, but in the streets of Paris there was a worse danger than that, and, looking at the tales of people's temerity, the wonder is that that danger was not more fatal.



A SCENE IN PARIS—CROSSING A STREET UNDER FIRE.

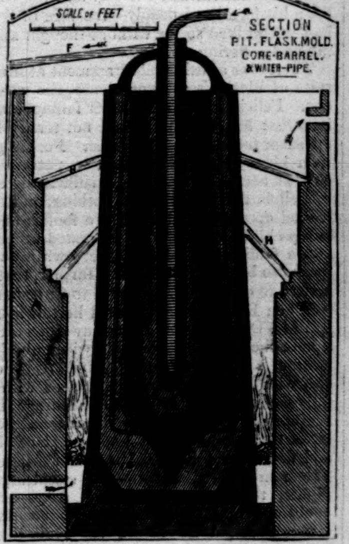


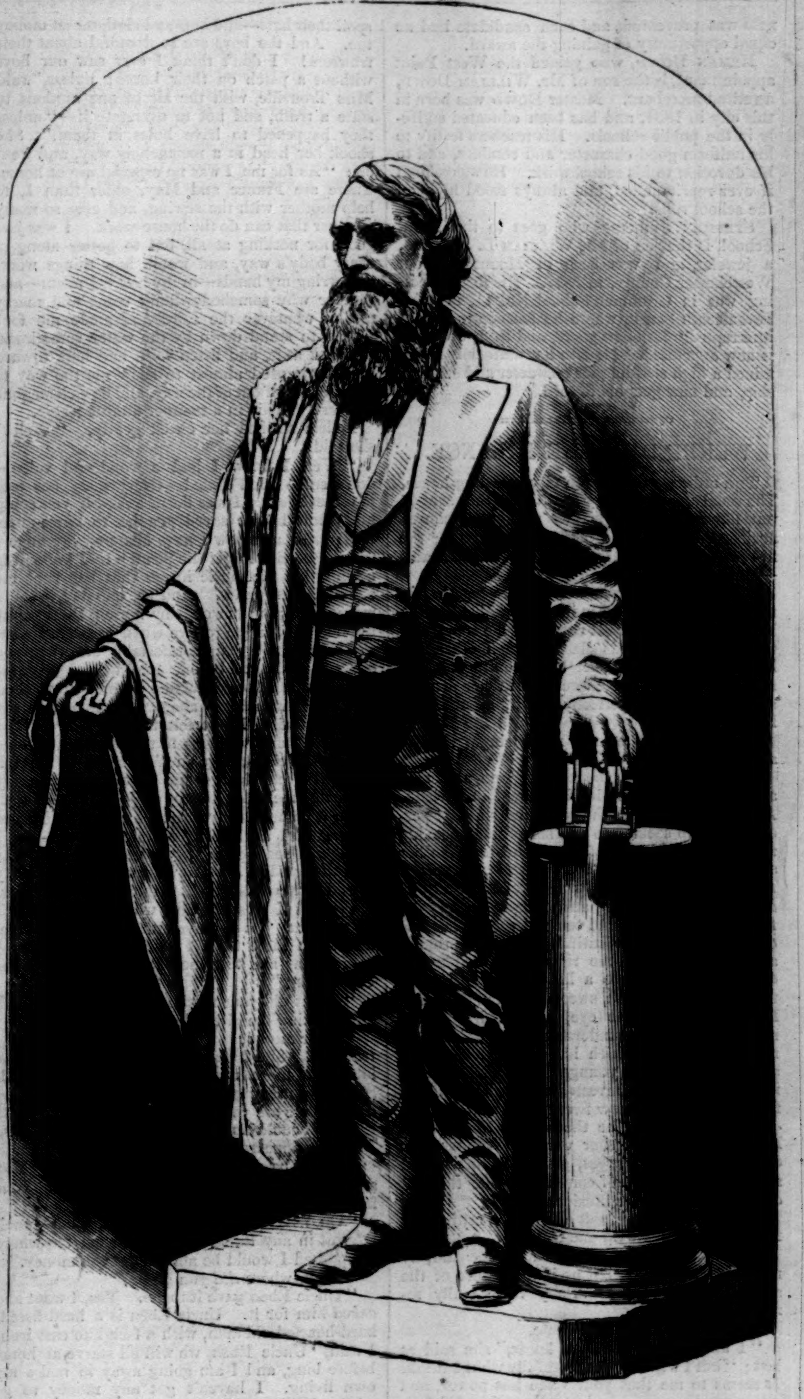
THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL RODMAN.—[See Page 579.]

THE RODMAN GUN.

General Rodman's chief triumph was the invention of a peculiar method of casting the heavy ordnance with which the monitors were armed. These guns were subsequently adopted by the government, and mounted for sea-coast defense. By General Rodman's invention the gun comes from the casting-pit with a chamber, or bore, of about one-half the size proposed for the piece. During the operation of casting a fire is kept burning on the outside of the flask containing the mould, and a stream of water is kept flowing into the core barrel. By this means the gun is cooled from the inside (a reverse of all previous methods), and the iron next to the bore becomes solidified first. Experience proves this to give to the gun a strength not obtained in the ordinary mode of casting. In shape the heavy Rodman gun differs but slightly from the Dahlgren—the former, generally known as "the army gun," being flat at the breech, while the breech of the Dahlgren gun is formed by a graceful curve. The following references to the outline figure given here will explain the process of casting and cooling the gun:

A. Side of pit dug in the earth.
B. Flask holding in shape the earth mould.
C. Mould, a mixture of earth and sand.
D. Core barrel.
E. Water.
F. Escape flue.
G. Gun.
H. Braces for keeping flask upright.



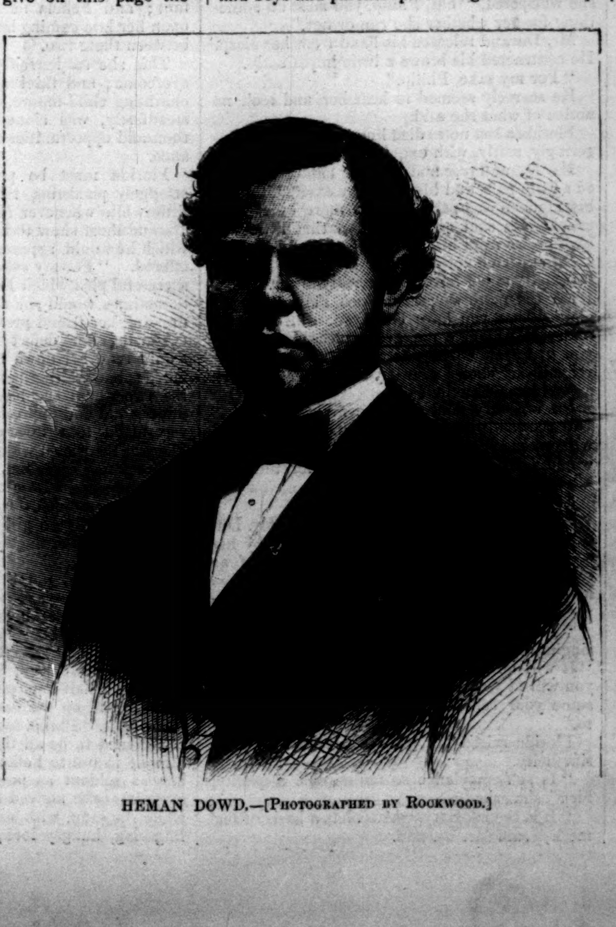


STATUE OF S. F. B. MORSE.—[See Page 582.]

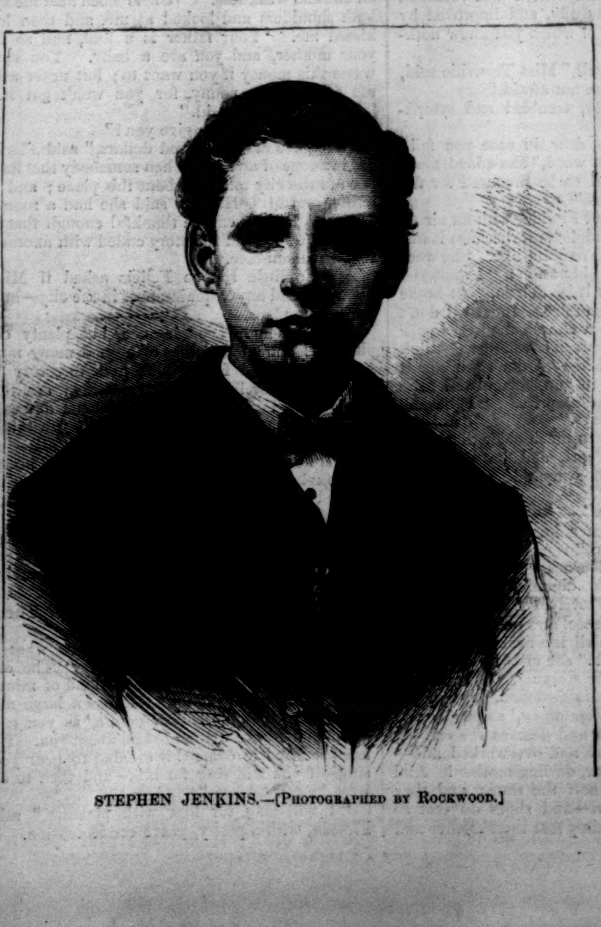
NEW CADETS.

For the encouragement of Young America, ambitious of military or naval honors—every school-boy fancies himself a Grant or a Farragut in embryo—we give on this page the portraits of two clever lads, pupils in the public schools of this city, who, in an exhaustive competitive examination, have won their appointments, the one to the Military Academy at West Point, the other to the Naval School at Annapolis. It is creditable to the public spirit of the Hon. S. S. Cox that, instead of bestowing these appointments upon the sons of political friends, or as "a lively appreciation of favors to come," he chose rather to announce to the teachers of the public schools in his Congressional district his purpose to give them to the two boys who should openly and fairly win them. And as the example thus set is one that deserves to be followed, and the only one that ought to be followed, in every Congressional district in the Union, it may be useful to publish, for guidance in other districts, the admirable plan devised to insure perfect impartiality and fairness in the selection of cadets for the Academy. Every year the process of weeding out the imbeciles and good-for-nothings leaves but a comparatively small residuum of each class, and the deficiency is made up by new appointments. A vast amount of time might be saved, and boys and parents spared disgrace and disappointment, by the general adoption of such a system of competitive examination; to say nothing of the happy results that would be sure to follow in the schools from which the cadets would be selected.

There are in the Sixth Congressional District, comprising the 9th, 15th, and 16th wards, six male grammar schools, containing, in round numbers, about 7500 pupils. From these schools seventeen candidates presented themselves. The examination was conducted by a committee of three principals, Messrs. Sutherland, Baker, and Forbes. The questions proposed were prepared by the city superintendent, and were placed in the hands of the examining committee on the morning of the examination, *being carefully kept private until that time.* The judges appointed to read the answers and decide as to the comparative merits of the candidates were Bernard Smyth, Esq., President of the Board of Education; Henry Kiddle, City Superintendent of Public Schools; and Thomas Hunter, President of the Normal College, neither of whom, as will be perceived, could have any interest in favoring either of the schools from which the candidates were sent. Moreover, the candidates were numbered previous to the examination; and the papers placed in the hands of the judges *contained simply the numbers of the respective candidates, without any names whatever.* By this arrangement, as is obvious, every cause or suspicion of unfair-



HEMAN DOWD.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



STEPHEN JENKINS.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

ness was prevented, and each candidate had an equal opportunity of gaining the award.

Heman Dowd, who gained the West Point appointment, is the son of Mr. William Dowd, a retired merchant. Master Dowd was born in this city in 1854, and has been educated entirely in the public schools. His teachers testify to his uniform good character and conduct, and to his devotion to his school work. He was seldom if ever reprimanded, and always stood high on the school rolls.

Stephen Jenkins, who goes to the Naval School, is the son of Mr. William L. Jenkins, a jeweler, and was born in Mount Vernon, Westchester County, in 1857. His first schooling was in Grammar School No. 11, in West Seventeenth Street, where he has continued uninterruptedly for eight years, and from which he is now appointed. He also has uniformly maintained a high standing for character and scholarship, and now gets his reward.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

The ordinary parlor of a city boarding-house. The usual array of showy furniture; the vases of wax-flowers; the gilt frames and gaudy canvas against the walls; the photograph albums; the fly-specked mirrors; the tarnished lace curtains—all were as usual.

Of the two girls who were alone together in the room the elder and more remarkable-looking had chosen the shadiest corner of the sofa; and there, with her hands clasping each other, her large eyes down-bent, her brow contracted, and an anxiously critical expression in her air and attitude, she sat perfectly silent, absorbed in listening.

The other was at the piano singing. She sang, "Consider the Lilies."

The song finished, she left the piano, and came and placed herself beside her new-found friend. As she moved across the room the smallest perceptible limp seemed to add something touching to her exceeding gracefulness, and to make her small, slight figure almost pathetically pretty. Her delicate, small face, robbed of its beauty by disease, had something attractive in its very defect; the left cheek and temple and the left side of her chin were beautifully moulded, round, and soft. But, on the right side, temple and cheek and chin were a little shrunken; even the corner of the small, sweet mouth, of the great, loving, innocent blue eye, a little drawn—the result of some misunderstood and mistreated nervous affection which had afflicted her when she was several years younger, and which seemed, in some sort, to have arrested her years just there; for though she was now twenty-two, seventeen or eighteen seemed to be the utmost limit which her face indicated; her childish manner, her confiding eyes, her sweet, grave simplicity, and a pretty, ignorant self-confidence, like that of childhood, aiding the illusion.

She lifted her large, soft eyes to the critic, who returned her gaze with one frank and tender.

"Well, tell me the exact truth," she said, by no means anxiously, but as if quite sure of the answer. "Do you think my voice really remarkable?"

The other hesitated a minute.

"I am not musical, you know," she said at last; "but I will tell you truthfully what I think. It seems to me that your voice has power, and an unusual range. And you sing with real feeling. But you lack cultivation, Miss Trouville; and you know—"

"Don't say Miss Trouville; say Florida."

"Very well, then—Florida," assented Felicia, smiling a little at the contrast of the full, large-blooming name with the quaint little creature who bore it. "And you must remember that you are entering into competition with voices as good as your own naturally, and improved by a thousand advantages of which you know nothing."

"I know that very well," Miss Trouville said, contentedly; "but I am not afraid."

Felicia looked at her, troubled and sympathetic.

"What will you do, dear, in case you fail? I see you don't like that word," she added, smiling; "but it is as well to be prepared for the unlikeliest contingencies."

"I shall not fail," said Florida, with an air of certainty that was not unpleasant, because it was so evidently truthful and so child-like. She went on, after a minute's consideration: "I want you to understand just how it is, Felicia. At home we are as poor as church mice. Indeed, I don't believe there ever *was* a church mouse as poor as we are. And there are thirteen of us—think of that! And my father— I don't see how it is I speak so frankly to you," ejaculated Miss Trouville, with sudden surprise. "I haven't known you but three days."

"It is because I am so much older than you; and because I am a girl, and have seen so much trouble that I can sympathize with you."

"How old are you?"

"I am twenty-three."

"It must have been a long year, then, the one before I was born," remarked Miss Trouville, with dry sententiousness. "I am twenty-two myself," she added, dignifiedly. Then she sat and considered the lovely, quiet face opposite her for a minute in silence, and ended by throwing her arms around Felicia's neck. "It is because you are an angel!" she cried, with conviction, and continued her story: "Well, you see, my father is the best-intentioned man in the world, but he never '*gets along*,' as people say. And mother is as good and dear as she can be, but she is disappointed and overworked and—just washed out! Poor, darling mother! And the children are sick half the time; and they wear out shoes so fast—and shoes do cost *so* much nowadays; and they tear their clothes and spoil their hats—and hats and clothes cost money too. And the boys are so dreadful about their trowsers! I don't think I ever saw our boys without a patch on their knees; unless," said Miss Trouville, with the air of one anxious to state a truth, and not to overstate it—"unless they happened to have holes in them." She shook her head in a melancholy way, and went on: "As for me, I was no especial use at home. There are France and May, older than I, to help mother with the sewing, and ever so many younger that can do the house-work. I was just good for nothing at all, but to potter along in every body's way, and watch how things went, and wring my hands—in my heart, I mean—and wonder why somebody didn't come and marry me, or whatever the Lord *had* made me for! I used to stand down by the water sometimes, and look at it, and listen to it, and long toward it, until it used almost to show me the way to take myself off out of the way, and be—clean gone forever!" This in a manner almost tragic.

Felicia stroked her cheek gently. "Well?" she said.

"Well, I knew I had a wonderful voice—don't smile so, Felicia! Every body has told me so ever since I was born. And if you could know how I have saved pennies to buy music-books with, and how I have blistered my fingers picking berries to get the pennies! I know it is nothing but the music in me that has kept me alive all these years. And so, one day, when I was walking in the woods by myself, thinking of the horrid struggle to live when you don't want to live, and to appear comfortably off when you are *not* comfortably off, and how Mrs. This would smile at our bleached bonnets, and what Mrs. That would say about the patches on the boys' trowsers, I just felt my heart breaking; and I held out my arms to the sweet, free, blue sky—oh, Felicia, heaven *does* seem so far off and quiet and deaf!—and I said, 'Please, my God, tell me what to do, or just let me die!' Then it came into my heart—I won't say I heard it, because I am afraid you might laugh—but I thought I heard with my very ears a voice like that that said to John in Patmos 'Write!' only it said to me 'Sing!' I fell down on my knees. I thought I was choking with—with—I don't know what. So I prayed to God to help me, and knelt there until I was quiet, and then I came home and told mother I was going to the city to sing."

"What did your mother say?" Felicia asked, still stroking the girl's cheek.

"Poor mother! She was mending Richard's trowsers. She looked so tired and thin! She looked at me a minute, and shook her head. She did not say any thing except, 'Florida, my dear, where are you going to get the money?'"

Felicia could not help laughing, at which Miss Trouville appeared surprised and a little hurt.

"Don't be displeased," said Felicia. "You are such a child. That is all. What did your father say?"

"Oh, *he* didn't care. He does not take much interest in any thing. He asked me too where I supposed I would be able to get the money."

"Well, where *did* you get it?"

"Uncle Eben gave it to me. Yes, I went and *asked* him for it. Uncle Eben is a hard-fisted, hard-hearted old man, with a face like cast iron. I said, 'Uncle Eben, we will all starve at home before long, and I am going away to make my own living. I haven't got any money to go with. Will you give it to me?'

"'What are you going to do, miss? Going to pick blue-berries with the blackbirds?'

"'I am going to sing,' I said."

"Well?" said Felicia again, as the young lady paused.

"I will admit I was astonished that day," said Miss Trouville, with the air of one who confesses an unusual weakness. "Uncle Eben held me by both shoulders and looked at me, and then he kissed me. 'Your father is a fool, and so is your mother, and you are a baby. You can waste this money if you want to; but never ask me for another penny, for you won't get it.' That was what he said."

"How much did he give you?"

"He gave me a hundred dollars," said Florida, in a tone of awe. "Then somebody that had been to the city told me about this place; and I wrote, and Mrs. Hackley said she had a room. And oh! I *never* can be thankful enough that I came here!" And the story ended with another impulsive embrace.

After a little silence Felicia asked if Miss Trouville had any acquaintances in the city—any immediate plans.

"Not a single acquaintance, but plenty of plans. I know the names of a good many musical people, and I shall look in a directory to find where they live, and call on them, and tell them about myself, and sing for them, and get some one then to engage me. Don't you think that is a good plan?"

It is not too much to say that Felicia heard this explanation with amazement. The faith seemed to her sublime; but Florida's absolute security as to the result was appalling.

When she recovered her breath Felicia said, quietly, "But suppose you don't succeed?"

Florida looked at her almost compassionately.

"You ought to trust God more, Felicia. He sent me here to sing, and I *shall* sing. There is not any doubt about it."

"In the mean time let me tell you what I have done," said Felicia, presently. "The organist of the Holy Martyrs is a friend of mine, who will do much for me. He has a large acquaintance among '*musical people*,' as you call them, and I have written to him about you. He has promised to come this evening to hear you sing—if you will sing for him—and then to do what he can for you."

"I will sing for him with pleasure," said Florida, with a pretty, grave condescension.

"But I ought to warn you that he is a very severe critic, and that he will say nothing in your praise which he does not honestly believe."

"What is his name?" said Miss Trouville, quietly, entirely unterrified.

"Philip Durand. I am afraid you will not be pleased with him at first—*only* at first. When you know him you must like him. He is not young and not handsome. His manner is hard and a little cold. But don't mind that. Sing your very best, and don't tremble and be embarrassed. Trust me when I tell you that his heart is large enough to hold the world. He is the best, the kindest, the most princely-hearted man on earth!"

Miss Trouville looked curiously at Felicia. Her pale cheeks were flushed; the bright spark in her eyes shone tremulous through dew; her voice thrilled; she looked *quietly* excited, and very beautiful.

"To like a man so much as that!" ejaculated Miss Trouville, slowly and wonderingly.

Thus suddenly cooled, Felicia's lids dropped, and she looked a little abashed.

"He is so very good," she said, blushing.

"For my part," remarked Florida, with her quaint gravity, "I should like to know if he cares as much for you as you do for him?"

After a minute's consideration Felicia said, simply,

"We are engaged to be married, Florida; I have never told any one before, because it can not be for some time yet, and I do not, therefore, care to have it known."

And there was something in the speaker's quiet tone which stopped the questions hovering on the other's lips. She uttered only a half-interrogative, half-sympathetic "Oh!" and waited for Felicia to continue the conversation as she would.

When Mr. Durand was announced in the evening even Florida thought that Felicia's description had done him scanty justice. A grave, quiet-looking man of thirty-five or forty, but of impressive presence; his expression severe and cold superficially, but neither phlegmatic nor passionless; his aspect the quiet, contained air of a man who has learned the best and the worst of life; his face lined deeply—the face of one who had not walked so far without thought and feeling and suffering.

There was a little embarrassment at first. In spite of Florida's self-confidence, she was nervous. Felicia was fearful of her failing, and anxious that Mr. Durand should not terrify her by criticism too mercilessly honest. For the gentleman himself, he did his best to put the young lady at her ease; but it was sufficiently evident to Felicia that he expected nothing, and that he looked upon the cantatrice as a foolish and fool-hardy child, to be tenderly entreated because she *was* a foolish child, but for her own sake by no means to be encouraged; and further, that being invited to criticise, he intended to do so honestly.

When Florida finally seated herself at the piano Mr. Durand moved quite away to the other side of the room, and listened with unbroken attention. Felicia sat alone, and regarded the two with anxiety not much dashed with hopefulness. She had feared to encourage Florida against the truth, but now she remembered that bitter time when despair took the place of hope, and drove her forward along her desolate path. She remembered it all—the sleepless, heavy nights, the tortured, hopeless days—and she could not think without a shudder that the same struggle might lie before the child-like little creature whose voice was sounding so sweetly in her ear. The pang in her heart grew so keen that she felt she must turn special pleader for her even against the truth. She went softly across the room, and slipped her hand in Mr. Durand's.

"I don't know whether she can sing or not," she whispered, "but, Philip, you *must* do something for her whether she can or not."

Mr. Durand released his hand from her clasp. He contracted his brows a little impatiently.

"For my sake, Philip."

He scarcely seemed to hear her, and took no notice of what she said.

Florida's last notes died lingeringly away—lingeringly, softly, with exquisite sweetness.

Mr. Durand rose and took her hand; he looked a little pale, and his eyes were excited, though his manner was perhaps even more quiet than usual. He said very little, but that little was high praise from him.

"I expected nothing, Miss Trouville," he said, frankly, "and I have been greatly disappointed. I am the more surprised since Felicia has explained that you have been your own instructress. It will give me great pleasure to assist you in any possible way. You shall try your voice in my choir; and if you sing there as well as you have done here—"

"I am very glad you like my singing, Sir," said Florida, with her quaint, small gravity, and without the slightest surprise. "I thought you would. And I am very grateful for the kind interest you take in me."

She withdrew her hand.

Some hardening change passed over Mr. Durand's face. Whether he was annoyed by her self-possession, by her calm acceptance of so rare a thing as praise from himself, or for some less obvious reason, it was evident he was displeased.

"I would not be understood to say that your singing needs no improvement," he said, coolly. "It will be at the expense of hard study that you will fit yourself for such a position as I presume your self-confidence leads you to aspire to."

Florida raised her great soft eyes with quiet simplicity.

"Is self-confidence so undesirable a quality, Sir?" she asked.

"It is the contrary, when it has a basis of real merit," said Mr. Durand.

"Thank you, Mr. Durand," Florida said, holding out her hand graciously.

He took it in sheer astonishment; and Felicia, smiling, yet ill at ease, felt it time to interfere. On their part, they had seemed to have forgotten her presence.

After Miss Trouville left the room, which she did almost immediately, Felicia seated herself coaxingly beside her lover.

"Philip, try to like her," she said, caressingly. "She is such a child! Her assurance is mere ignorance. She knows nothing of the world. I am sure her heart is as sweet and pure as her eyes. She has lovely eyes—now has she not?"

"I do not admire women who pretend to be children," said Mr. Durand; and even to Felicia, who thought him almost perfect, his displeasure seemed disproportionate and uncalled for.

"Well, do you not think her eyes are lovely and soft?" she said, persistently.

Mr. Durand's glance sought the floor; he looked both moved and troubled.

"Her eyes are eyes that I should never trust. They are like her voice—magnetic, touching, thrilling. But I should never trust them."

He rose suddenly, like a man who feels himself ill at ease, and walked across the room once or twice. Felicia felt hurt, she knew not why.

"Why not trust them, Philip?" she said, looking at him in great surprise.

"She reminds me of a woman whom I knew years ago," said Mr. Durand, speaking more to himself than to Felicia. "A false-hearted woman, but a woman for whom a man might have died; had he not known, as I did," added he, rapidly, "her bad, faithless heart, her scheming, shallow brain."

Mr. Durand paused in his walk, looking suddenly toward Felicia with an air of apprehension, which she understood as little as the rest. "He has taken a dislike to poor Florida," she said to herself; "I must do what I can to soften it."

"Philip dear," she said, rising and taking his arm, "I think you are a little unjust. But I am delighted that you like her singing, for I know you will find some employment for her. And after a while you will like her better, I am sure."

Mr. Durand looked at her tenderly and gravely. Then he said, quietly,

"Felicia, you are no less than an angel."

"I'll promise to convince you of the contrary some day," she answered, laughing happily; "though that is the second time to-day that I have heard the same thing."

As the time went on Mr. Durand proved himself, in spite of his unaccountable dislike, to be kind and persistent in his determined efforts to be of service to Miss Trouville. It is true that this had not caused him a great deal of trouble. Her singing had been highly approved by the musical committee of the Church of the Holy Martyrs, and, of course, as severely criticised by the members of the choir; in particular, the leading soprano had kindly sympathized with her upon her evident lack of cultivation, and her *very* "uneven register;" and had suggested—out of simple friendly consideration—that she should put herself under competent instruction for two or three years, at least, before attempting to sing. However, Mr. Durand had succeeded in obtaining an engagement for her at a salary that would not only enable her to live, but even to engage a master, looking forward, as she did, to the time when she would be able to make music her recognized profession.

And now, thus provided for, Florida was grateful to her friend's lover, but shy and reserved in his presence. Mr. Durand was kind, for Felicia's sake it seemed, but cold and distant; and Felicia herself felt no other cloud upon her late-coming happiness than the distrust between these two.

This she set herself perseveringly at work to overcome; and thinking that knowledge of the charming child-nature, in which she believed so steadfastly, was alone necessary, she made a thousand opportunities for their better acquaintance.

Florida must be present, in spite of her strangely persisting reluctance, for at least a little while whenever Mr. Durand called. Mr. Durand must show to her some of that attention which he would, apparently, never willingly have offered. "For my sake," was the powerful and successful plea which Felicia used in both cases. Sometimes would she deny her own heart; and dressing her friend prettily, arranging her hair, disguising her defect with every simple art, would send her down alone, and sit smiling to herself, and waiting patiently for the time when the two whom she loved so well would at last understand and appreciate each other. Florida was made to write Felicia's notes to Philip. She was instructed what to do and say and look in order to please him. She was sent to walk with him—he as little anxious as she; and Felicia never noticed the indescribable expression mingling with the girl's dislike of all this, and which looked strangely like the shrinking of fear.

Felicia could not fail to see that her plans prospered ill; and yet she noticed some changes in the manner of both. A strange, new shyness about Florida; her eyes, so reluctant to meet those of Philip Durand, were yet sometimes raised to his, to fall again quickly, with a frightened, half-imploring look, that seemed of itself to call up the deep, distressing flush that followed it. Philip, too—the commonest courtesy seemed to be all that he could prevail upon himself to use to Felicia's friend. He spoke to her as seldom as possible; but sometimes—sometimes she noticed his glance riveted on her while she sang, with so strange a look—a long, lingering, hungry look, that seemed to absorb every power—a bitter, weary look, yet full of a troubled, keen delight.

"Philip, why do you gaze at her so?" she asked one day, a strange new pang fastening on her heart. "Is it because you like her singing so much? I wish—"

"What, Felicia?"

"Nothing," she said, blushing a little, ashamed of the momentary pain; "only that I sang."

"Her singing disturbs me," said Mr. Durand, with abruptness that was almost harsh. He hesitated, and his voice and manner changed; his eyes softened. "It is true that her voice is sweet—is sweet. It is as sweet as the name of home in a strange land," he said, quickly, a tinge of red staining his forehead; and then he stopped, with a look almost of horror. "I would to Heaven that I had never seen her!" he cried out, like a man in pain.

"Philip, Philip!" said Felicia, reprovingly, and she could not have told why her heart was lighter. "You are so unlike yourself about Florida. Only give way to me in this, dear; only try to like her a little—for my sake."

Mr. Durand turned and fixed upon her a look which she never forgot. She never forgot the tone of the words in which he answered her.

"There is no pain that I will refuse to suffer for your sake!" he said.

He left her then with such abruptness that she for the moment repented her persistency. Yet it was weeks before suspicion entered Felicia's heart. Then it was at first no more than a vague restlessness—a faint, cold sickness at her heart, for which she could not or would not account, at which she smiled herself, but with such a smile that one to have seen her would have said, "Weep rather!" Her placid temper changed a little; she was causelessly fretful; she grew peevish now and then, and whimsical, and recovered from these moods with a disproportionate repentance—a startling accession of affectionateness; and to convince herself that her thoughts were folly, and that she knew them to be so, walked more than ever resolutely forward in the path she had chosen when she determined to make Philip "friend with her friend."

One day late in November—it had been spring when Florida came—Philip came to walk with Felicia; but he found her in one of her strangely changing moods: she declined to go. What was the reason? She had no reason. She had a headache, and did not care to go. No doubt Florida would go.

"I want you to go," said Mr. Durand, gravely. "Besides, the air will do you good."

"I will call Florida," said Felicia, with reckless disregard of her own pain. "For my part, I prefer to stay at home."

"I prefer to remain also, unless I have the companion whom I choose myself."

Mr. Durand had answered very coldly. But Felicia laid her hand on his arm with a sweet, insinuating air, which did not look insincere, in spite of the frightful pain tugging at her heart.

"You will oblige *me*, Philip, I know. Sick people ought to be humored, and I *am* sick. Now will you not?"

Mr. Durand struggled visibly with himself. His cheeks flushed a little, and then grew quite white.

"I will do whatever you say," he said at last.

And so the two were sent away to their fate. The moments seemed hours while they were gone, the time passed with such dreary slowness; and as the early twilight settled down Felicia laid aside her work and sought the window. She was waiting smilingly for them now, a sudden revulsion of feeling having quite changed her humor, prepared to confess her pettishness, and receive a loving absolution.

In some few sad lives there comes a moment when the shadow of death passes over the soul, and does not touch the body. After that we walk along our appointed path through the world, and laugh and talk, and buy and sell, and marry and are given in marriage maybe; and none of our friends, who hold our hands, and wish us Godspeed on our way, imagine, when they look into our eyes, that we are dead; that there is no more light in the evening sky, nor freshness in the morning dew; that in our hearts is neither hope nor fear, regret, remembrance, nor delight; only so much of the red heart-throb as keeps up the show of life for other needs than our own—only a cold, dull patience in place of a living soul.

Looking out of the window, Felicia saw at last Mr. Durand and Florida Trouville. At that moment soul-death came to her.

Florida leaned on his arm, and walked without her eyes: they were uplifted to his. They walked very slowly; and one need but have noted the air of the speaking figures to have guessed the miserable secret against which they had both so honestly and so vainly striven.

Felicia regarded them fixedly, her eyes gradually growing to be the only shadow of color in her face. They walked very slowly; but she could see their faces at last, even in that dimming light. Philip Durand looked pale—looked haggard and hunted. His eyes, down-bent, were hungry and passionately loving and full of agony. It was the aspect of a man who has suffered and longed and struggled against longing, and who, for one insane moment, forgets suffering and longing and struggling in the keen, delightful anguish of an instant when hope touches despair, and despair is dashed with delicious hope.

Felicia neither started nor exclaimed. She was intensely still, merely standing, gazing out into the darkening street until they passed out of her view as they turned the corner of the house. Then she heard the door open, and they came into the room where she was. The curtains were down before the window where she stood petrified, and thus she was not seen as they stood a moment just inside the door. Their words were very few and bitter, and came into her dull ears with the far-off, unreal effect of sounds in a dream.

"What I have said to you," said Philip Durand, in a voice stern with self-accusation, "I have prayed and struggled never to say. I don't excuse myself; but—I knew you loved me." Oh, if there was keen delight, there was agony too in the broken, low sentence. He said nothing more, for his voice failed. There was an intense silence for a minute, in which thought seemed audible.

Florida's strange, unusual, sweet voice broke it; but her voice had grown sharpened and thin. "Your hands are so cold!" she said. "Oh, let me hold them a minute. I won't touch them again as long as I live. But now—"

Again there was silence and darkness between them. Out of it rose suddenly a cry like that of one sucked beneath choking waves—Florida's voice again.

"Philip! Philip! Leave me, oh, leave me quickly! Go, and let me remember Felicia! My God! my God!"

The name seemed to have been a spell to part them. A minute after the door closed behind Philip Durand; and with her hands before her face, as if to shut out some sight of horror, Florida crept up the steps.

Felicia remained quite still for a long, long time. She had grown a little cold, but she was quite tearless and unmoved. Presently she said to herself, aloud, "If I don't move I shall be as stiff as a corpse directly." And then she looked down at her white hands, clasped hard over each other, and smiled, and wondered if she *could* unclasp them if she tried. "It is nothing new to me," she said again, still gazing intently at her hands; "that is why I do not suffer at all. If it had come upon me unawares, I might perhaps have died." A dreamy pause; then, "It must surely be very pleasant to be dead! When one is dead one is just quiet dust like the others; but when one is alive—" She sighed heavily, and by the mercy of God some tears came into her eyes. They were neither violent nor hysterical, however; and while they crept quietly down her face she went softly to her own room, and sat down beside the faintly glimmering window.

She did not know there was no light in the room; and she did not know how long she sat there, nor why, nor what she thought or felt. She shivered now and then. It was as if her soul were paralyzed with cold, for the shiver came from within outward. But she was not all unconscious. At intervals there broke over her an overflow of suffering. A shock of anger touched her, a flash which lit all around her, within and without, and showed her for one hideous minute the sombre perspectives of her fate. Then would that strange night fall again, in which she felt nothing.

But in the midst of this horrible dumb anguish her soul, which was of the light, was struggling upward. In the frightful immaterial darkness it was slowly and unconsciously withdrawing from the dark perdition of hatred and revenge to the very ultimate heaven where are forgiveness and self-abnegation. It was midnight when she sank on her knees at the bedside—without knowing it—and when morning came it found her still kneeling there. Her face, which was very pale, had become calm and peaceful and determined. In truth, it was almost radiant, for angels had come and ministered unto her.

She kept her room that day, sending a loving little note to Florida Trouville to say that she was not ill, but wanted to be alone, and that she would send for her if she needed any thing.

Toward evening, however, there came a timid little knock at her door, and Florida Trouville stood, faltering, near her.

"I came in without waiting for you to say so, Felicia, for I was afraid you would not let me come if you knew who it was. But I am going away, my darling. Oh, my darling, I am so wicked! And I must see you first and tell you something, or I must die. Speak to me—just one word, Felicia—and tell me you hate me, but you forgive me, and then I can go!" She looked so little, her voice was so pathetic, her face so white and horror-stricken.

"Come here, my darling," said Felicia, and held out her hands.

A low sob broke from Florida's lips. She came swiftly across the room and threw herself on the floor at Felicia's feet, cowering down *from herself*. Felicia touched her with the old, caressing, protecting gesture, and Florida seized her hand and kissed it passionately. "You ought to stab me instead of stroking my cheek," she sobbed. "Do you know what I am, Felicia?" she said, suddenly raising herself and speaking with a gesture of loathing. "I am a hypocrite. I am a traitor to *you*—to you who have saved me and succored me and done every thing for me! Oh, Felicia, don't touch me so! Ask me what it is I have come to tell you. I can not say it unless you do." Her head dropped on her hands.

"I do not ask you, darling," said Felicia, drawing her toward her, "because I know it all. Philip and you love each other. Hush! I knew how it was. Do not excuse yourself. I have nothing to forgive. I know how earnestly you both strove against what God had appointed, and how vainly. Don't sob so, my child; you will make yourself ill. Besides—"

"Felicia, never while I live will I see him again! Never will I—"

"Stop," said Felicia, smiling. "I will speak to Mr. Durand myself. Kiss me, my darling. It shall all be right."

You think, perhaps, that I am going to say she died soon. She did not. God does not make his saints so. And she lived to earn her separating cross in forgetting that she bore it. But do not think that she had conquered all in the sunshine of that May morning when she fastened the flowers in Florida's hair, and stood beside her while she pronounced the words that made her Philip's wife. That morning opened the gate-way leading up the path she had appointed herself; but its stones were still to be trodden, its thorns still often to pierce her faltering feet, its far height still to be attained. But at the end of the way her sweet, self-forgetting days brought her the perfectest happiness that God gives us in this world—the keen, sweet happiness that springs from self-sacrifice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

With summer comes the palm-leaf hat, worn by thousands of town and country people. But probably not a quarter of these wearers have any idea of the magnitude of this branch of the hat business. The estimated number of hats sent into the market from a single manufacturing establishment in Amherst, Massachusetts, since July, 1870, is one hundred thousand dozen. The island of Cuba produces all the palm leaf used in this country and in Europe. The leaf, having arrived at the proper maturity, is carefully cut and shipped to New London, Connecticut; but as the braid is manufactured only in Massachusetts, the stock is sent to the various establishments in that State. It first undergoes a bleaching process, and then is split into fine strips. If desired, it is afterward colored. The straw is braided into hats by the wives and daughters of farmers, it being a sort of "knitting-work," with which they occupy all their spare moments. When the hats are brought back to the manufactory they are again bleached, pressed, bound, packed, and sent to market. The so-called "Shaker hoods" are made from the split palm leaf woven into "webs" on hand-looms. The crown and front of the hood are cut by steel dies. Then they are crimped into proper folds, stitched, pressed, bound, wired, labeled, and varnished—all the work, except the cutting and pressing, being done by girls. From the Massachusetts manufacturing towns the hats and hoods are largely sent to New York, and thence to all parts of the country.

It is difficult to obtain a jury in London sometimes, as well as in New York. In the trial of the celebrated Tichborne case a special jury was demanded. After two days' examinations only eleven jurors were sworn in, and then, rather than suffer the inconvenience of a postponement, both parties agreed to try the case with eleven jurors.

The summer attractions of Lake Mahopack are increasing. A boulevard sixty feet wide and eight miles long is under construction, extending around the lake, giving a fine view of this beautiful sheet of water, with its picturesque islands.

Complaints are frequently made to the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that valuable horses are injured in consequence of having their feet pierced by nails thrown into the street. A short time ago a carman carried into Mr. Bergh's office a large bag of nails, which he said he had picked up in ten minutes outside two large fancy dry-goods stores in Franklin Street. He stated that the packing cases were all opened on the sidewalk and the nails thrown into the roadway. His horse had been rendered useless for several weeks in consequence of having picked up nails in his feet. During the past three months twenty-one valuable truck horses have been killed, owing to their becoming unfit for further use from the same cause. The iron penetrating the frog causes the flesh to fester, and eventually the hoof rots off. It is evident that nails should not be thrown into the roadway; but if they are, somebody would do a pretty good business, and also serve the cause of humanity, by gathering them up.

There are a good many people like the boy whom a gentleman met on the highway of a country town. The boy was on horseback, crying with the cold. "Why don't you get down and lead him, my lad?" said the gentleman. "That is the way to keep warm."

"No," sobbed the boy; "it's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze!"

A "woman in white," who in her lifetime bound her husband by a promise not to marry any one else, is haunting the recreant widower, in Racine, Wisconsin. He got lonesome and forgot his vow.

Dogs in Illinois are likely to diminish in number. A bill introduced into the Legislature provides that every owner of a dog shall procure from the town-clerk a collar, which he shall cause the dog to wear. The clerk is to keep a record and description of all collared dogs, and the names of their owners, who must pay a fee of one dollar to the clerk. Collarless dogs are to be considered abandoned, and may be killed. The assessors also impose a tax of one or two dollars upon each dog, and owners are held responsible for all injuries they may inflict.

Criminals find no secure place wherein to hide themselves. Two or three months ago a German named Alfred Ziegmeyer was charged with the murder of a man in Chicago. He fled from the arm of the law to Germany, but was pursued, and finally arrested in the Hartz Mountains, and recently passed through New York in charge of officers on his way back to Chicago for trial.

An exchange remarks, sympathetically: "We don't care so much for the two men who have set out to recross the Atlantic in that cockle-shell of a boat, the *City of Ragusa*, but we are solicitous for the dog." It may be remembered that a fine-looking dog was announced to accompany the *City of Ragusa* "as boatswain."

Sheikh Nasif el Yazijy, one of the most notable characters in Syria, the author of fourteen different works in Arabic, and formerly the companion and assistant of Dr. Eli Smith in the translation of the Bible into Arabic, recently died at Beyrout. He was seventy-one years old, and had been partially paralyzed for two years. An immense crowd followed the sheikh to the grave, among whom were eight hundred pupils of the schools and seminaries of Beyrout.

A large endowment has already been secured for the new Methodist institution at Syracuse, which is to be called Syracuse University. The university is to include the colleges of law, medicine, industry, fine arts, and letters, and possibly others to be established hereafter. The faculty of the college proper is partially filled. It is stated that the students of Genesee College have decided to come in a body to Syracuse University, so that the institution will start well manned in all respects. Plans for the buildings are already under consideration by the trustees, and the first will be erected immediately.

The Royal Geographical Society of London numbers no less than 2400 members, which gives proof of the attention which is paid in England to geography and the allied sciences. Sir Roderick Murchison, who has been connected with the society for the last forty years, fifteen of which he has been its president, has recently resigned his office on account of ill health.

Thirty thousand Sunday-school children of Brooklyn joined in the procession on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary of the Sunday-School Union. It was a gala day in the City of Churches. Parents, teachers, ministers, and the many others who were interested in the young folks, joined in the celebration of this happy day. Brooklyn seldom has witnessed a prettier sight than those thirty thousand children in clean apparel and with happy faces.

Among the literary curiosities of the day may be reckoned a Boston lady who recently visited a well-known publishing firm, offering a manuscript for publication. She said she was the author of eighteen novels, all of which had been stolen from her and published, whereby she had suffered damage to the amount of one hundred million dollars. She also asserted that her grandfather wrote the plays of Shakspeare, and they were "conveyed" away from him by the supposed great poet.

We expect some entertaining novels from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. He has announced his intention of coming to the United States to make new studies for characters.

During the bombardment of Paris no less than eighty-three shells fell within the area of the *Jardin des Plantes*. Four shells struck the glass-houses and shattered them to atoms, thus exposing the rare and delicate plants to the coldest nights of the year. Two shells fell into the zoological gallery, and one into the gallery of mineralogy, destroying many valuable specimens.

A medical journal estimates the annual cost to the people of the United States of medical services and medicines at $100,000,000, and adds $25,000,000 for the quack medicines swallowed. A large fraction of this sum would be saved if people could be induced to eat, drink, and work more moderately, and avoid deliberate violations of the laws of health.

A few years ago it was discovered that the fathers of one of the religious orders in Rome were getting rich by trading in the "bones of saints" and similar "relics"—any amount of which they were prepared to supply at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. The matter was hushed up at the time, but the papers were not destroyed, and recently one of the liberal papers at Rome published the affidavits taken at the time.

The *Overland Monthly* contains a *fac-simile* of the manuscript of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." Its erasures and interlineations give some information concerning changes which were made by the author after the poem was first written. The title at first was, "On the Sinfulness of Ah Sin, as reported by Truthful James," which in the proof is shortened and improved into "Plain Language from Truthful James." The much-quoted line,

"With the smile that was child-like and bland,"

was first written,

"With the smile of the angelic band;"

and the line,

"And my language is plain,"

was an improvement on

"In a language that's plain."

Many artists need to touch up their works to produce the best effects.

Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is to have a grand statue of Washington Irving.

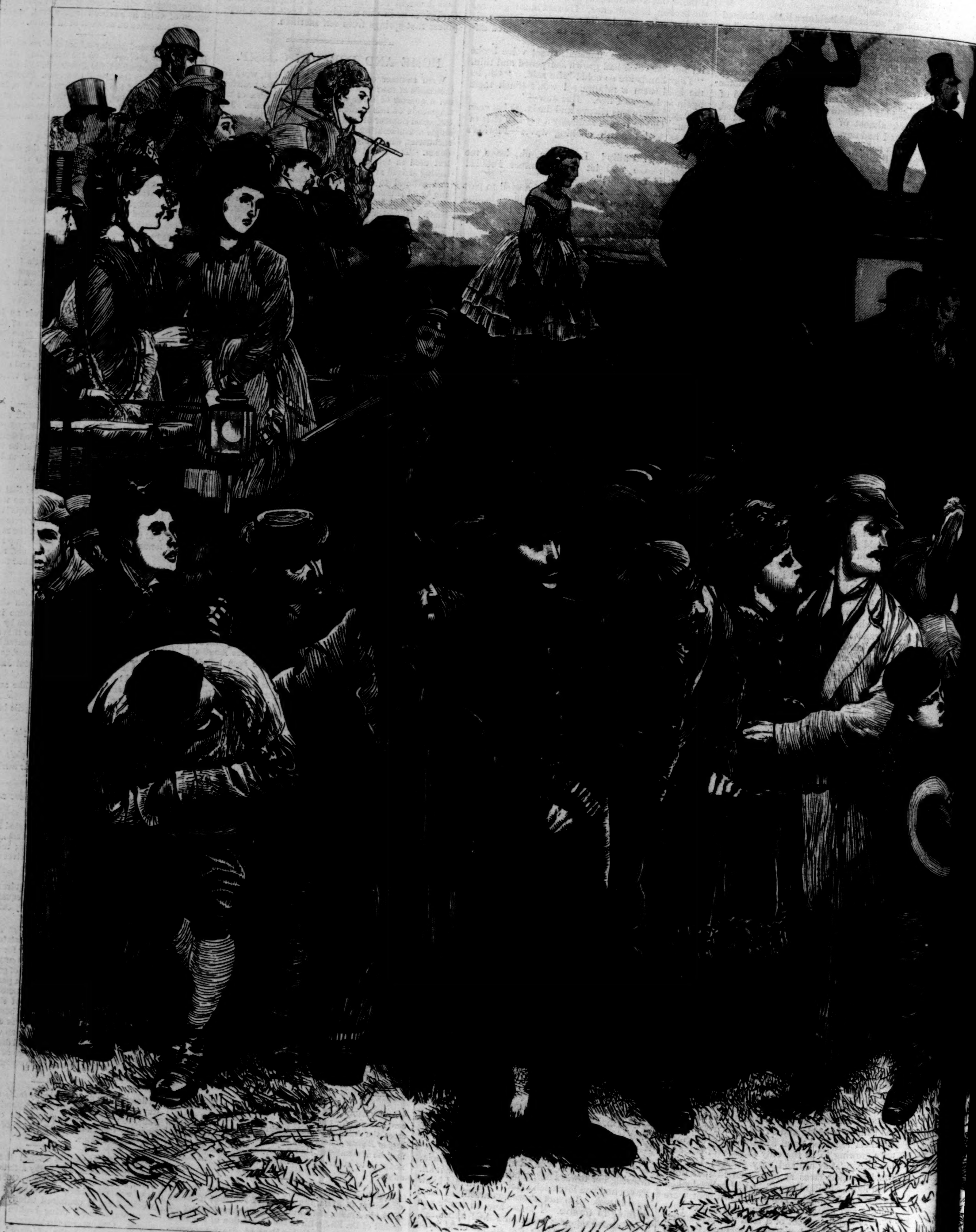
Forty-two German authors dedicated their books to Queen Victoria last year. Ten of them received presents of more or less value in return; the other thirty-two were obliged to content themselves with letters of thanks.

"What is the use," pertinently inquires an exchange, "of women trying to assert their equality with men, when the court reports of every city establish the fact that a man can beat his wife?"

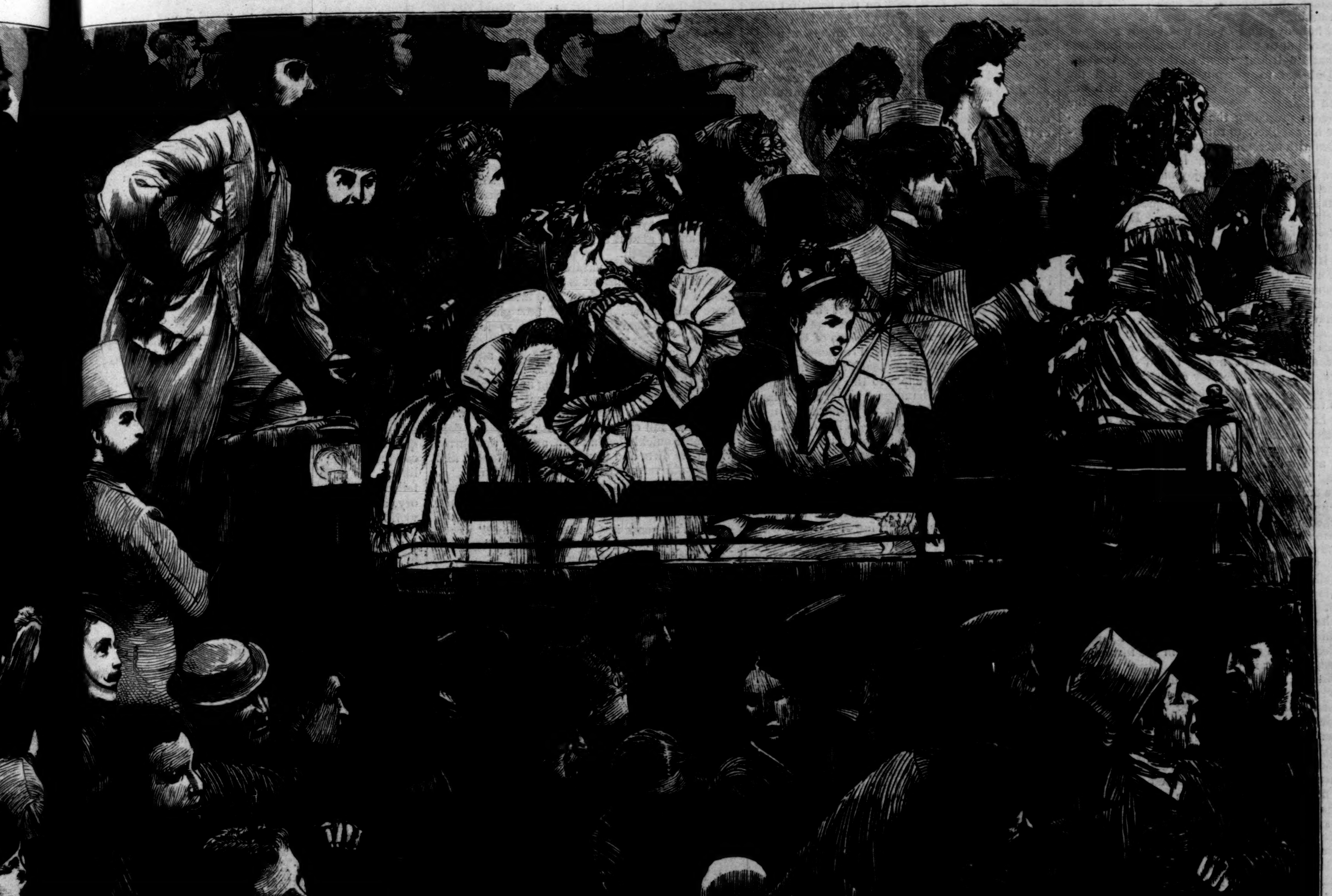
The cyclone which recently devastated a portion of an Illinois prairie made a pathway for itself of nearly three miles in length and from twenty to eighty feet wide. In that pathway not a spear of grass, not a stalk of corn or wheat, not a shrub, not a particle of vegetation, was left alive. For some distance the earth was literally plowed up to the depth of six inches. The column of whirling air must have been intensely hot, as every green thing in its path was dried to a crisp. The outlines of the pathway were so well defined that five feet from the outer line of total destruction of vegetation of every kind not a vestige of its effects could be seen. Fortunately no house stood in the tornado's line of march.

Illuminating gas is generally *indigenous*, so to speak. But the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, has introduced, among its conveniences, gas from the United States by means of pipes across the Suspension Bridge.

When the Prussians sacked the villages around Paris the residences of many artists suffered. At Labarre, the studio of Clesinger, George Sand's son-in-law, was completely ransacked, and almost every work of art it contained utterly destroyed, as if in mere wantonness, being broken into minute fragments. One curious circumstance connected with the devastation is worthy of record. While the great statue of Charlemagne, on which Clesinger had bestowed whole years of labor and an immense amount of capital, had been scientifically hammered to bits, and carted away to help in the formation of the Prussian barricade at the Château de Cherestue, the splendid bust of George Sand, as she appears at this present date—calm, thoughtful, and melancholy—was saved by a miracle. It was found imbedded in the mud close to the fountain of Labarre, where it had been trampled down by the Prussians while loading the cart containing the other fragments. The bust had not received the slightest injury.



HERE THEY COME!—SCENE AT THE DERBY—WA



BY—WA THE HORSE TO ROUND THE CORNER.—[See Page 578.]

HERE THEY COME!

The great Derby race in England was first run in 1780, at which time there were only thirty subscribers and half a dozen starters; and, instead of the thousands who now assemble from all parts of the kingdom, there was a quiet gathering of two or three hundred old-fashioned sportsmen, in tail-coats and high collars, to see the running horses. Now the Derby is a national holiday; and *Punch* was hardly guilty of exaggeration in making the intelligent Japanese say that Englishmen went to the great feast of the Dah-bee to worship the horses, and the Queen's ministry were obliged by law to honor it with their presence. Day by day, during the few weeks preceding the great race, the doings of the horses likely to run are watched by sporting men with increasing interest. Whether Bothwell pulled up fresh after his gallop, whether Albert Victor seemed to enjoy his morning oats, whether the Zephyr colt lay down last night on his left side or his right side, are questions of apparently consummate importance. But beyond the limits of the "Turf World" people look forward to the Derby Day only as a holiday. To them it is the day of hampers from Piccadilly, and of a long drive in the dust through the southern suburbs of London to the famous Downs. The business of the day is lunching, not racing; and they only turn their eyes to the course for a laugh at the exertions of the police to clear it, or when the bell proclaims the start, or when the hoarse shout, as the horses round Tattenham Corner, tells us "Here they come!"

The double-page illustration we give this week shows the crowd at this exciting moment. The flying horses are just coming into sight around the curve in the track, and a great shout bursts forth from the mighty crowd. Yes, here they come, and quickly too; make haste with your glasses, for this sight can be seen during one minute only out of the half million minutes which make up the year. All along the line of densely packed people who skirt the course, and over the string of carriages behind them, there is passing a fever-gust of excitement.

The young man, gorgeous in dust coat and blue veil, who has brought his sweetheart out for a holiday, has had some trouble in guarding her against the crush of that vast crowd, but he forgets her as he shouts with the rest "Here they come!" Near him a constable, in an attitude of repose, is neglecting his official duties in the turmoil of the struggle that is just begun. Even the typical cockney, already half muddled, with doll in hat and pipe in hand, wakes up to see the horses come streaming up the straight. It is true that the coachman on the right of the line has had his attention distracted by the burly rough in the fur cap, who is generously proposing to punch his head, but the cry of "Here they come!" will turn their as yet unblackened eyes to the horses now nearing the distance. The little girl on stilts is bending forward, eager for a good view; and all over the carriages the men with their field glasses are telling the ladies that "yellow is whipping," "green is done with," "the Baron wins," "No, he don't; Albert Victor walks in." "Albert Victor don't win for a monkey," shouts a member of the ring, and then amid one universal roar of excitement the horses rush by, the winning-post is passed, and another Derby victor is added to the time-honored roll of equine celebrities.

This year the Derby was won by a horse owned by Baron Rothschild.

"CONSTANT."

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I suppose the earth does hold at any given time some half dozen men, and perhaps half as many women, who do really set no value upon money except as a means of doing good and making people happy. I had and have the good fortune to number among my friends one of the half dozen men; and I would almost venture to say that his wife is one of the three women who are thus constituted. Antony Wynter is the friend of whom I speak. His large head, his broad forehead, his genial, benevolent eyes, his gray patriarchal beard, are present like a noble, memorable picture to my mind as I thus write of him. He used to be a merchant in one of the great American cities, no matter which; but he has long given up the making of money, and lives on a beautiful little estate by the shore of a bay, which even I, who have no local prejudice in its favor, but, indeed, on the contrary, have conflicting memories of other and distant bays, do pronounce to be of almost peerless beauty. There Antony Wynter enjoys the sky, the air, the woods, the water, the changes of the season; the love and society of his wife, his children, his many friends, and his exuberantly affectionate dogs; the delight of his books and his pictures; the supreme joy of making people happy. Is this a fancy picture? Not at all. I know the man; and I have only to say that I do not venture to describe half his goodness and sweetness here, for the sufficient reason that I should be supposed to exaggerate. In fact, you can not describe some people as you know them in real life, for good or evil. The romance-reading public seldom will believe the truth, and are in that respect like the famous old woman of the story, who swallowed with inexhaustible capacity of belief every extravagant yarn her sailor nephew chose to tell, but railed out against him as an audacious deceiver when he averred that he had seen a flying-fish. So, warned by this example, I don't mean to describe my flying-fish, my pure-hearted, noble American merchant, who only valued money because it enabled him to make others happy. But I know him all the same.

Into the life of my friend Antony Wynter there came not long ago a touching and pretty bit of romance. It sprang, of course, out of his having done a kind and generous thing.

The first time I went to pay a visit to Wynter I found him waiting for me at the little railway station near his estate. As I was looking out of the carriage window I saw him for a few seconds before we stopped. The rays of a delicious autumnal evening's sun were on his manly, noble, patriarchal face, and on the beautiful face and slender figure of a girl who leaned with both her hands laid caressingly on his arm. I had never seen a sweeter face than that of the bright-haired girl. What a charming picture, I thought, of father and daughter. "Oh for the sweet child and happy father!" I could not help muttering to myself, in the words, slightly altered, which open a beautiful, somewhat irreverent, little poem of Goethe's.

But when I greeted Wynter, and he presented me to the young lady, I learned that she was not his daughter. She was Alexia Vanston, and no relative, only a dearly loved protégée of the Wynters. "In one sense—indeed, perhaps the truest sense," said Wynter to me, cheerily, as he spoke of Alexia afterward—"she is our daughter. We had a daughter, and we lost her years ago, and Heaven sent us this dear girl in her place. She has lived with us since she was a child, and always will live with us, we hope. We couldn't be any fonder of her even if she were our born daughter, nor she of us."

The whole story was this: In one of Wynter's benevolent projects he started a school in the neighboring village for the teaching of music on some new choral principle to the poor boys and girls, and he paid a handsome salary to Alexander Vanston—a clever, not very successful, musician or musical philosopher—to keep the thing going. Vanston was a widower, with one child, this Alexia. The Wynters had a little golden-haired daughter. One bad season diphtheria raged in the village, and it swept away the golden-haired daughter of my friends, and it dealt in like measure with Alexander Vanston. Then the Wynters, mourning for their own daughter, found comfort—as true hearts always do—in alleviating the sufferings of others. They took the little orphaned Alexia to their home, and she became as their daughter.

The Wynters had two sons, Herbert and Constant; the former the elder by a year. Both youths were fond of travel, and the Wynters had taken them to Europe more than once. Of late, however, they had felt longings for wider ranging; and Wynter, having great faith in travel as a means of education, and of forming the character to strength and independence, allowed them to go wandering over the East, whither they would, for a long stretch of months. Then, when they returned, Constant found that he had been seized with a longing to become a sculptor, and he wished to go to Rome and study there, and his brother could not leave him. So Mr. Wynter sent them both to Rome; and Constant studied, and Herbert idled, and both were very happy. Wynter and his wife sometimes sighed a little at the prolonged absence; but they loved the boys too well, were loved by the boys too well, to think of crossing them; and they knew that the birds would at last come back to the parent nest, and they waited for the time contentedly. The time was now coming, and affectionate letters from both the sons signified that henceforth they did not mean to do much wandering.

For some years back, therefore, the pretty, winsome Alexia had seen but little of the youths who at one time were playfellows and brothers with her. For considerably more than a year she had not seen them at all.

"Your sons are coming home soon," I said to Wynter, in the course of an evening's stroll through his woods.

"Both coming next week. We shall all be so happy. Their mother is in a state of wild longing to see them; and, indeed, I don't know that I am much calmer myself."

"One of them will be sure to fall in love with this pretty, sweet Alexia."

"I do hope so," he said, quite eagerly; "we should like it of all things. We know her now so well, and we know that neither of our sons could have a better wife, and we could not have a better daughter. But we shall be very careful not to hint at any thing of the kind; for, to begin with, a boy is hardly ever likely to fall in love with a girl if he finds that he is expected to do so; and, next, our lads are so affectionate that one of them might perhaps think he was bound to marry her if he fancied that we wished it. And we wish the boys to be free, and just to marry where they already love."

Mrs. Wynter and Alexia came up just then, and our conversation on this subject was broken off.

From time to time I saw the Wynters, and I heard of them and from them very often. The two sons, Constant and Herbert, came home; and Constant set up a studio forthwith, and began moulding clay and chipping at marble as suited his fancy. He felt or fancied that he had found a vocation. Herbert was still looking about him for one, perhaps to end in not finding any. Both the young men inherited the parental indifference to the making of money.

Constant was a youth of more robust frame and less perhaps of personal grace and attractiveness than his elder brother. He was of a nature less externally genial; he talked but little, except with those he knew well. One of the few he seemed to know well and to talk to with instinctive ease and pleasure was Alexia, and she gradually became his friend and counselor in all his artistic work. But Herbert had in general much more of her company, because he had more leisure; and being of a more demonstrative and vivacious nature than his brother, he claimed and engrossed her companionship more openly and freely. Antony Wynter and his wife often looked at each other significantly. They thought they could see how all this must end.

One evening, about a year after the return of the sons, Herbert stood with his mother in the broad porch of their home. He put his arm round her waist and drew her down the steps and a little away toward the fringe of the wood. For some reason or other it seemed that Herbert's confidence flowed most readily into the ear of his mother, Constant's into that of his father.

"Tell me, you dear old mother, would you be glad or sorry if you heard that one of your sons meant to ask Alexia Vanston to be his wife?"

"My dear Herbert, how can you doubt that I should be glad? Nothing could give your father and me more delight."

"Well, then—don't ask me any thing just now—I have resolved!"

She pressed his hand, and the confidence seemed to be complete. The mother returned to the house, and presently meeting Antony Wynter, whispered to him her conviction that their darling Herbert was in love with dear Alexia, and meant to ask her to marry him. And the father and mother looked joyously into each other's eyes.

"I am so glad it is Herbert!" the father murmured to himself. "Alexia will best suit his bright and gladsome nature. Indeed, I thought it must be so. Constant is too grave and silent; he will not be attracted until he meets some one more like himself. Dear lad, how glad he will be when he hears of this! He so loves his brother."

Mr. Wynter strayed across the lawn and quite to the edge of the wood. The moon was just rising, the fire-flies were flashing in the grass and among the leaves, the heavy beat of the waves on the shore was heard, and the soul of my old friend was full of gladness. As he stood a firm step came quickly behind him, an arm was thrust within his own, and Constant, in his stained and creased old velvet coat, stood beside him.

"I have something to tell you, father," said Constant, in a tone that was a little constrained and low.

"Can't I guess it, Constant, my boy?"

"Can you, father? I didn't think—"

"Does it not concern our Alexia?"

"It does; but how can you have known already?"

"Oh yes, I know! Your mother told me. Dear boy, we don't want to have any secrets among us. *He* told her."

"*He?* Who?"

"Why, Herbert, of course."

"What did he tell her?"

"That he loves our Alexia, and is about to ask her to marry him."

Constant drew his arm from that of his father, and it fell heavily by his side.

"Oh! Herbert told her this himself?" This was all he said.

"Why, certainly. Are you not glad of it, Constant?"

"Of what, Sir?"

"That Herbert loves Alexia—that he will marry her? Don't you think them made for each other?"

"I do—I suppose—I have no doubt they are."

"You don't suppose you are going to lose your brother, Constant, because he is getting a wife. Nothing is lost, dear boy; you only have a sister the more."

"Only a sister the more!" Constant murmured to himself; and then he thrust his hands doggedly into the depths of the pockets of his velvet coat, and remained silent. Then he whistled a a few bars of "Che faro senza Eurydice;" then broke that off in the middle, and tried a comic air; and then looking round, he saw Herbert hastening toward them, and he stretched out a brotherly hand toward his brother.

"Father, and Constant," said Herbert, "congratulate me! I've been and done it! I have asked Alexia to marry me, and she has consented!"

He spoke volubly—apparently as if he were in almost boisterous spirits. His father congratulated him warmly. Constant pressed his hand earnestly and said nothing.

That sweet, soft summer night there were two hearts filled to the full with happiness under the roof of Antony Wynter's house. These were not young hearts; they beat under the bosoms of my old friend and his wife.

What of the other three members of the family?

Herbert, the accepted lover, sat alone in his room until a late hour, with his window open, and he smoked energetically, and thought and thought. "I have done the right thing," he said to his own soul. "I knew this long time that mother and father both wished that one or other of us should marry that sweet girl; and Constant's soul is in his sculpture. And I *do* love her quite—I dare say as much as people out of romances ever do love their wives; and she is as good and lovely a girl as ever lived. I ought to be very happy, and I am. Of course I am very happy—very!"

Constant's window opened on a balcony that crossed one side of the house. The young man came out on the balcony, flung himself down, and pressed his forehead on the railing. Then he sprang up, and mounting over the balcony, clung round a pillar and scrambled to the ground; and he wandered for long hours through the little grove, and tried to calm his bursting heart and to teach his misery patience. For the weight of a heavy disappointment was on the young man; and he knew that he must bear it alone. There were none on earth from whom he could ask for sympathy except those to whom a hint of his pain would be pain so intense that he would rather have died than inflict it on them.

"And she loves him!" murmured the unhappy youth—"she loves him; and I was almost beginning to think of late that perhaps she might care for me! But, good Heavens, even if she had, what would that do but make us all unhappy in another way, since Herbert loves her! One thing at least I may thank Heaven for—he does not dream of what I feel and suffer."

Meanwhile Alexia, alone in her room, having received all the congratulations and the blessings that love could give her, sat with her hands clasped and a pale face.

"It is my duty!" she thought. "I owe that much, at least, to those to whom I owe more than life itself. And I ought to be proud of the love of that generous, noble creature! My life shall be devoted to his happiness, since he finds happiness in me. Ah! if it had only been—" But she pressed her hands upon her heart, and tried to put the thought away; and there were many tears from her eyes before she slept that night.

Sunlight—at least successive sunlights—opened the eyes of one of the two parents to the reality of part of the situation. Antony Wynter soon found out poor Constant's secret, and quietly spoke of it to him. "My poor boy," he said, "I had never thought of this!" The young man and the elder gradually grew on to speak frankly of the ill hap that had befallen them. At first Antony would have had his son to go back to Rome forthwith. But they both feared that such a step taken thus suddenly would lead to the discovery of Constant's secret, and thus have thrown a gloomy shadow, and perhaps even an abiding sadness, over the path of the young pair, the happy lovers who were to be married. Therefore it was agreed between the father and son that the idea of Constant's return to Rome was to be gently and gradually brought forward until the family should become familiarized with it. Then the youth would go away again, and throw all his soul and his labor into his art, and conquer Giant Despair. Constant did not speak of conquering his love. Who that ever loved believed his love could be subdued, or, indeed, failed to cling to it, even though a hopeless memory, as the one only endurable thing in the world—the only ray shining faintly, sadly out of the darkness?

The winter drew on; the wedding was to be in the spring. A strange, inexplicable change seemed to have come over the house somehow, and Wynter and his wife were glad to remove for a few weeks to the great city near them, with Herbert and Alexia. Constant would not go; he promised to "run up" to town very often; but he declared, in as cheerful a tone as he could summon up, that he wanted the house to himself all in quiet, and was heartily glad to be rid of them. They went to town, and plunged into a season of receptions, matinées, and balls; Constant worked in his lonely studio, and tramped many a weary, stormy mile among the wet and snow and gloom of the winter woods, and strove to wrestle with his giant, and was not successful.

Meanwhile things went badly with our affianced pair. Herbert's mistaken self-sacrifice pressed on him cruelly. There are a hundred men and women who can make a sacrifice for one who can bear it when made. Alexia could have borne hers, for she had a much clearer and deeper sense of duty impelling her, and the thing seemed to be inevitable, and, in the words of Tennyson, "She was not all unhappy—her resolve upbore her." But Herbert, who had been so affectionate a brother, was a strangely disappointing lover. When she danced with any one else at a party he accused her of flirting, as if he had been the most passionate of lovers; and once they had almost had a quarrel about a handsome youth from West Point, in whose society Alexia did frankly take some pleasure. Finally there came across their path a dark-eyed, animated, brilliant girl from Baltimore, Miss Carrie Vyner, and Herbert—the truth must be spoken—fell into passionate love for her, and learned thus for the first time what love was. And then the wretched youth, torn by the wild horses of passion on the one side, and of what he still believed to be duty on the other, was, indeed, a creature to be pitied of all who have ever felt or dreamed of such an agony.

An éclaircissement came between Alexia and her betrothed. His countenance betrayed him one day, and Alexia saw it all. The first moment they were alone she laid her hand gently on his, and said, in a sad, sweet tone:

"Herbert, my dear, my brother, you have made a mistake; but, thank Heaven! it can be repaired. You do not love me, except as a sister. I will always be your sister; I never can be any more. I know now that I never ought to have promised to be any thing else. You are free, my brother. God bless you!"

Thus went to the winds the scheme of blended love and duty, and Herbert and Alexia were asunder; and it needed all that Alexia could urge and plead to prevent Antony Wynter and his wife from being ashamed of their eldest son. In their hearts they still believed that the poor girl loved him, and that her life was made dark forever.

The Wynters took their adopted daughter home. Constant came to town immediately on their return to the country, and for the first time since the death of their golden-haired infant the Wynters found their house an abode of gloom.

Constant came and went sometimes, and hastened his preparations for his return to Rome. The day came at last, and he was going. Since the breaking off of the engagement with his brother, Constant had always been very kind and tender to Alexia when they met, but they did not meet very often. He avoided her; he ordered his soul to be steadfast and to seek for strength, and he avoided *her*. But this last day he was peculiarly tender, for it had brought memorable news. It had brought the announcement that Herbert and Miss Vyner were married. The father, mother, and son believed that Alexia's heart must be pierced with new and keener pangs at the almost unexpected and bitter tidings.

But the partings were made, and Constant was going. He was going away, and for a long time. Nothing had turned out well since his return from Rome, the young man sorrowfully thought; and, indeed, the same bitter feeling passed through other hearts at the same time.

The father, mother, and son stood at the porch; the two men were about to step into the carriage that was to convey them to the railway station. So far Mr. Wynter was to accompany his son.

Suddenly Constant drew his father a little aside, and whispered,

"I have forgotten my little Dante, father—*that* Dante, you know—in my studio somewhere. I can't go without it, and I don't want to go back into the house any more, or to send one of the servants for it. Will *you* find it for me?"

It was a little old copy of Dante which, as Antony well knew, Alexia had given, years ago, to her brother Constant.

So Antony hurried back to the studio. He pushed the door open gently. It was now late in the evening; no lamp burned in the room, but the moonlight shone in through the windows, and fell on a white form which was prostrate on the floor.

Antony Wynter stopped, amazed, on the threshold. Yes, there was Alexia, lying on the floor of the studio and sobbing, and he could not avoid hearing her say more than once during the brief moment while he stood there, "Oh, how I loved him! Oh God, how I *love* him!"

Antony forgot his own trouble and Constant's in the grief of the poor girl, whom he supposed to be lamenting with fresh agony over the lover who had once been betrothed to her. He knelt down and took the girl in his arms, soothing and caressing her as, startled and ashamed, she sobbed and trembled.

"My dear, dear daughter," he said, "we all grieve with you."

"Is he gone from me?" she asked.

"He has gone, indeed," he answered, not understanding her question. "But let us not blame him too heavily. Forgive him—oh, my dear daughter, forgive poor Herbert!"

"Oh, my father, I was not thinking of Herbert! I may tell you all now. I never loved Herbert, but I thought I ought not to refuse him when he asked me. Forgive *him!* I have nothing to forgive. I pray you to forgive my deceit; for all the time I loved Constant, and I love him now; and he cares nothing for me, and he is gone."

A sudden flush of surprise and joy flamed up in the heart of Antony Wynter. He rose from the ground almost abruptly, and left the room.

"He is angry with me," thought the poor girl. "He thinks me deceitful and worthless. Have I lost him too?"

She lay there in the moonlight and sobbed through some bitter moments. Then the door gently opened, and she sprang up, crying:

"Oh, my father, forgive me for my deceit, and do not be ashamed of me! I could not help loving Constant." And she flung herself into the arms of Constant himself, who clasped her to his breast, and kissed her with the warmth of true and passionate love long held down under the agonizing pressure of stern restraint.

The dark hour had passed away from that family, with the unexpected revelation to which the feet of Antony Wynter had been guided. No roads just then led Constant Wynter to Rome. He took in his portmanteaus again, and re-occupied the studio, now far dearer to him than any shrine of art across the ocean. And he and his love were married; and Herbert and his bride came home, and were welcome; and the house of my old friends was gladdened once more.

THE LATE GENERAL RODMAN.

Brigadier-General Thomas J. Rodman, the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name, died on Tuesday morning, June 6, at the age of fifty-five. He was a native of Indiana. In 1837 he entered West Point, and received four years later, by brevet commission, the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department of the United States army. In 1847 he was commissioned as First Lieutenant, and attained the rank of Captain in 1855. During the Southern rebellion he rendered important service to the country in promoting the efficiency of the Ordnance Department, and by introducing improvements in heavy guns. The Rodman gun, the casting process of which is elsewhere explained, is esteemed one of the most efficient guns in use. The 15-inch smooth bore, weighing 43,000 pounds, with a charge of 100 pounds of powder, gives to a shot weighing 440 pounds an initial velocity of 1538 feet per second, and throws it to a distance of 8000 yards. When tried in England it was admitted that it was capable of penetrating any of the British iron-clads afloat. General Rodman was also the inventor of the "mammoth powder," in grains the size of grapes, which, by its comparatively slow combustion, distributes the strain of the discharge evenly over the whole bore, and permits the use of the enormous charges required by the 15-inch and 20-inch guns. His mind was fertile in inventions, and few improvements in ordnance have been made in this country during the past twenty years with which he has not been intimately connected. His comparatively early death is no doubt the result of his unremitting mental and physical labors. The whole of his life was one constant round of useful activity. In consideration of his important services he received the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular army, and also that of Major-General in the Volunteer service. At the time of his death he was in charge of the Rock Island arsenal. We give his portrait, and also a sketch of a 20-inch gun, on page 573.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The name of Sir John F. W. Herschel, who died on the 12th of May last, is one familiar to every student of science, and more especially to those interested in the subject of astronomy and general physics. In the eminence to which he attained in the ranks of astronomers he formed one exception, at least, to a frequent assumption that talent is rarely hereditary, the elder Herschel, Sir William, having himself left the impression of his genius upon the science of astronomy, in the pursuit of which he was engaged up to the period of his death, at the extreme age of eighty-four. In his early life the attention of Sir John Herschel was directed more especially to mathematical subjects, but in 1822 he devoted himself to astronomy, and in 1833 presented to the world a catalogue of nebulæ or double stars, which at once gave him a prominent position in the ranks of astronomical inquirers. In 1834 he visited South Africa, and there established an observatory at his own expense, making observations upon the celestial phenomena of the southern hemisphere, which lasted for four years; and nine years after his return to England he published the result of his labors, which even now represent very largely the sum of our knowledge of the celestial features of that region. After this work was completed he occupied himself largely with general physics, including astronomy, chemistry, light, heat, etc., his communications occupying a prominent place in the transactions and proceedings of the Royal Society of London. His text-book on astronomy, first published in 1836 in "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia," and reproduced in 1849, was for a long period the standard work on the subject, while in an article upon sound, published in the "Encyclopedia Metropolitana," we have what is even yet admitted to be one of the most complete treatises on that subject in the English language. A treatise by him on the "Theory of Light" is also to be found in the same encyclopedia. The "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," published in 1831, was one of the most charming books of science ever written, and has done much to develop and fix a taste for scientific pursuits. He was also the first to suggest the idea of hourly meteorological observations at definite periods of time, to be made simultaneously throughout the world, the results to be compared for the purpose of determining the laws of general climatology. The introduction of a self-registering apparatus, by which the various atmospheric phenomena can be recorded continuously, without any direct supervision, has tended to furnish the means for realizing the expectations which were but imperfectly fulfilled by personal observations at hourly intervals.

As might have been expected, Sir John Herschel received many honors, and many recognitions of his merit as a man of science, in the form of memberships of learned bodies, of gold medals, and of various titles; and in 1850 he was made Master of the Mint (an office at one time held by Sir Isaac Newton), appointments to which have generally been conferred by the British government for the purpose of marking appreciation of scientific merit. This position he held for five years, since which time ill health has more or less interfered with his own labors, although his interest in the intellectual and scientific developments of the day was unabated to the end, as shown by letters received quite recently by friends in the United States.

The annual report of the Board of Supervisors of the Louisiana State University has just appeared, and deserves a special notice on account of the valuable scientific matter contained in the appendix. This university has been in charge of a scientific survey of the State, and in the report in question we find the second annual record of what has been done in three distinct departments: A topographical survey under Colonel Samuel H. Lockett, a geological survey under Professor F. B. Hopkins, and a botanical under Professor Featherman. The three contain matter of much value in relation to the physical and natural features of the State, that of Professor Featherman being the most voluminous, and occupied by a detailed account of the forest trees, and a list of the plants generally, with descriptions of fourteen supposed new species.

In consequence of the death of Professor Miquel, Dr. N. W. P. Rauwenhoff has been appointed Professor of Botany and Director of the Botanic Garden at Utrecht; and Dr. W. F. R. Suringar Professor of Botany and Director of the Botanic Garden at Leyden. We advise such of our readers as have entered into correspondence with the establishments mentioned to make a note of these changes.

By advices from South America we learn that on the 25th of April last Chili was visited by two of the severest earthquakes that have been experienced in the country since 1851. The first shock, in Valparaiso, was not preceded by any warning sound, and its suddenness and intensity created considerable alarm, the streets of the city being filled in a short time by people, who rushed out from their dwellings in a state of indescribable confusion.

We have already referred to the experiment of stocking the Delaware with salmon, and to the fact that many thousands of eggs had been obtained from Mr. Wilmot's establishment at Ontario for this purpose. We learn that the total loss of eggs up to a late period amounted to only about twelve hundred, and that it is expected that seventy-five per cent. will produce fish.

According to a late paper by Mr. Victor Fatio, published in the Bulletin of the Swiss Ornithological Society, the total number of the skins of the (probably now extinct) Great Auk in Europe and in the United States amounts to seventy-one, or possibly seventy-two. Of these, four are in the United States, namely: one in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; one at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie; one at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington; and one in the possession of Mr. Robert L. Stuart, intended for the New York Museum of Natural History. Seven skeletons are enumerated as existing in Europe, and two (one?) in the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Of eggs, the author enumerates sixty-three specimens in Europe, and two in the United States, of which one belongs to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and the other is in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, having been presented to it by the Philadelphia Academy. This enumeration of the remains of this bird is believed to be very nearly accurate, and although a few more specimens may yet be detected in local museums, it is not likely that the total can be much increased. The limited number extant will sufficiently explain the high price which specimens of both skins and eggs bring when offered for sale, the sums obtained for the former varying from $500 to $1500, and for the latter from $250 to $350. Detached bones of the skeleton of the Great Auk are not at all uncommon in American collections, the critical examination of the shell heaps of the New England coast and of the Bay of Fundy having brought to light quite a considerable number. The specimens collected are mainly in the museum of the Peabody Institute, Salem; the Peabody Museum, Cambridge; and of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Dr. Adolf B. Meyer, who left Europe last year for a journey through a part of the Malayan Archipelago and New Guinea, according to *Nature* reached Manado, in Celebes, in November last, just as the wet season commenced. He had chosen this place as his starting-point because he had been informed by a celebrated traveler in the East that the fine season commenced at Manado in the month of October. Nevertheless, he succeeded in making a large collection of birds, reptiles, and fishes, which are on their way home.

Many of our readers are familiar with the names of Mr. Thomas Say, of Philadelphia, and Mr. C. A. Lesueur, as having been among the most prominent of our naturalists during the earlier part of the present century, and as having added many new species to the lists. The labors of Mr. Say were directed largely toward the invertebrata, embracing more particularly the insects, shells, and crustaceans. Many of his explorations were in the vicinity of Beesley's Point, New Jersey, where species were obtained by him that have ever since remained almost unknown to science. Several examinations have been more recently made on the New Jersey coast for the express purpose of recovering these forms; and one of the most successful was prosecuted last spring, under the direction of Professor Verrill, of Yale College, who, with several companions, spent a week at Somers Point and Beesley's Point. The results of their labors were much greater than they had anticipated, as they not only obtained a large proportion of all the missing forms, but secured quite a number of new species, and detected the occurrence, for the first time, of others previously known as belonging much further south, among them two echinoderms, of which Cape Hatteras was the limit previously ascertained. Their "catch" for the week summed up about 175 species of marine animals—namely, 25 of fishes, 50 of crustaceans, 25 of worms, 50 of mollusks, and 15 of radiates and sponges.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A funny limb of the law had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day an elderly gentleman of the fogy school blundered into the shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old legal documents. "Oh, I thought this was his office." "Next door." "Pray, Sir, can you tell me has the doctor many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel.

There is a youth in the legal department at the Indiana University who has been dubbed "Necessity"—because necessity knows no law.

"The Wife's Secret"—Her opinion of her husband.

A man painting the cornice of a house in Hartford fell from a ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had overtaken his workman. The "boss" listened to a thrilling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong within him, asked, anxiously, "Did he spill his paint?"

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should first do when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account." He passed.

"Tales from Real Life"—Chinese "queues."

The question, Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whisky: "Oh, Biddy, it's a trate intirely to see two of your purty faces instead of one!"

"Woven of Many Threads"—A shirt.

The landlord of a tenement-house in Boston actually called on the person who rented it, the other day, and asked him what repairs he wanted made; and what makes the matter stranger, the landlord was perfectly sane.

Divorces—The turn of the tied.

A wag thinks that the latest Paris fashions are—killing.

A lady being asked what was the latest thing out, replied, "My husband."

Never have a wooden leg made of oak, because the oak is apt to produce a-corn.

Mary Cary says that if husbands generally knew what their wives thought of them, suicides would be a more common occurrence.

Deaf and dumb clerks are on trial in some of the departments in Washington. There is no reason why they shouldn't succeed. Dumb waiters were introduced in all the leading hotels long ago, and have satisfied every body.

A man from the country visited all the stores in Jasper, Indiana, recently, to buy a divorce. He was told they were "just out of divorces, but would have a full supply in a few days."

The Question of the Day—The development of specie.

"Steps Upward"—Going to bed.

A "limb," after hearing Miss Dickinson's lecture on "Joan of Arc," thus expressed himself to a friend: "I didn't think much of the lecture. I knew from the very first what would become of Joan. I knew the English would get her and she would be killed." The case of this young man is very hopeful. He has, undoubtedly, a knowledge of history, a desirable thing for a lawyer. He should not, however, exult in his attainments. It's not seemly.

A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustache. The barber says he didn't see it.

The Needle-Woman's Exclamation—Ahem!

The other day an accident happened to a train on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. The baggage-master sat in his car reading at the time, but seeing by the motion of the car that a great danger was threatened, he attempted to jump out, when he was unfortunately caught between two boxes, and badly jammed. He was taken out in an insensible condition, and being laid upon the ground, an attempt was made to revive him, which proved successful. A clergyman stepped out from the circle which surrounded him. He kneeled down by the side of the victim, but, before proceeding with his work of mercy, he earnestly inquired, "Are you a Christian?" "No, Sir," as emphatically as his weak condition would allow; "I am a baggage-master on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad."

The Dear Departed—Venison.

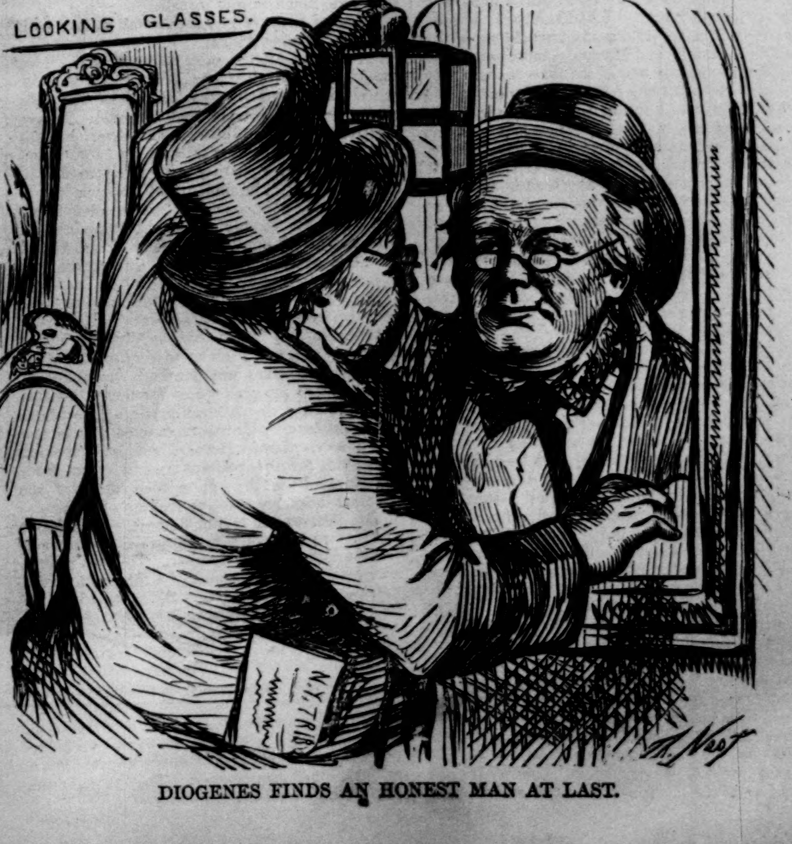
Here are two curious specimens of hymnology:

"O take the pil-
O take the pil-
O take the pilgrim home!"

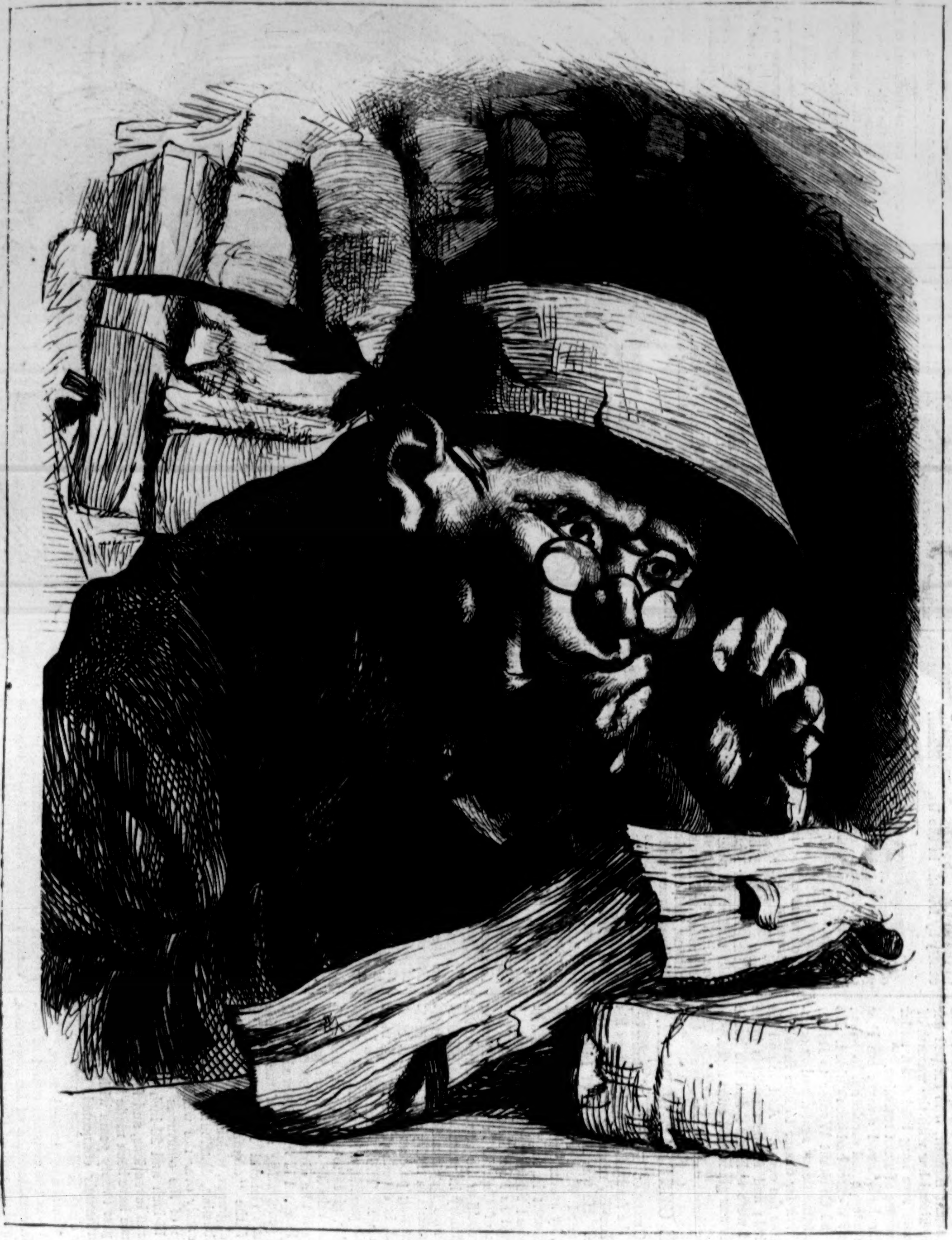
"O catch my flee-
O catch my flee-
O catch my fleeting breath!"

"Will you take this woman to be your wife?" "Well, Squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ax me such a question as that. Do you suppose I'd be such a plaguy fool as to give up the bar-hunt and take this gal to the quilting frolic if I warn't conscripturously sartin and determined to have her? Drive on with your business."

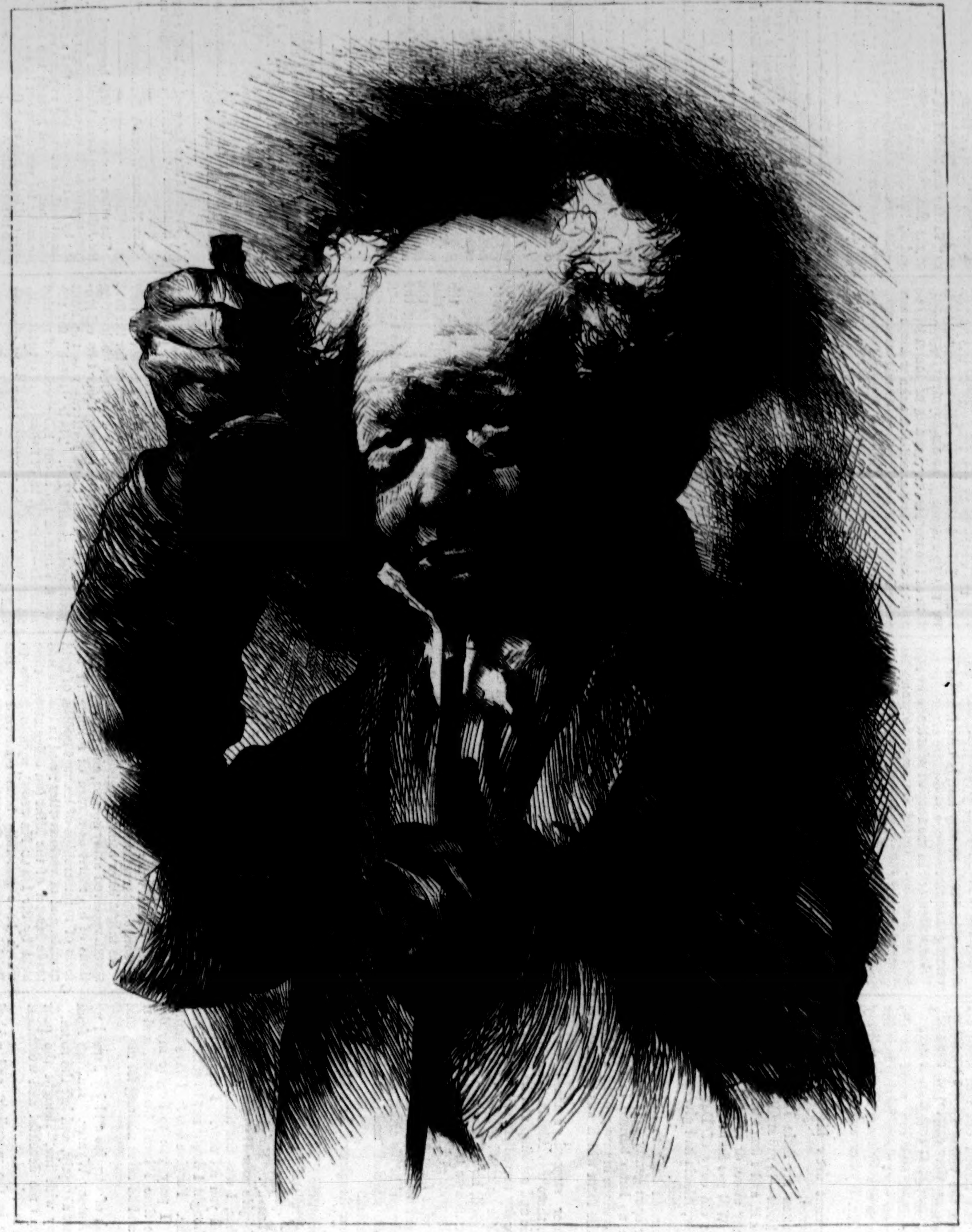
A "Storied Earn"—The novelist's pay.



DIOGENES FINDS AN HONEST MAN AT LAST.



THE BOOKWORM.



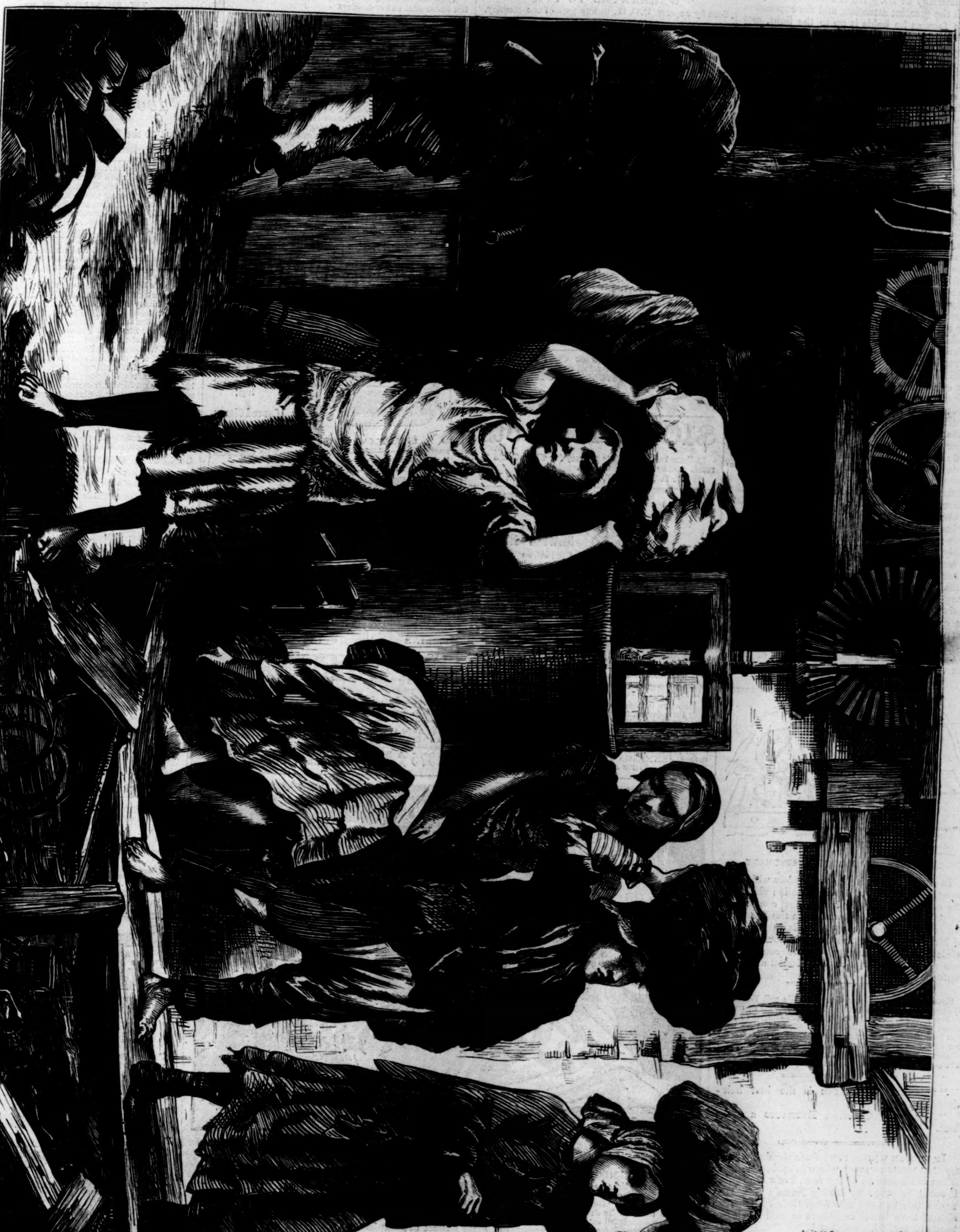
THE DOCTOR.

GERMAN CARICATURES.—[See Page 581.]

BRICK-YARD CHILDREN.

THE question of child-labor, and the extent to which it may be legitimately employed, have of late years engaged special attention in America and England, and many frightful abuses have been brought to light and corrected in both countries. In England the "Factory Acts," which passed Parliament in spite of great opposition from the manufacturing interests, put a stop to a great deal of cruelty and oppression; but recent investigations show that the necessity for legislative interference still exists. It has been discovered that in the various brick-fields and brick-yards of England there are at present employed between 20,000 and 30,000 children, from the ages of three and four up to sixteen, undergoing what has been expressively described as "a very bondage of toil and a horror of evil training that carries peril in it."

Some idea of the manner in which the brick-yard children in England are employed may be obtained from the illustration on this page, which represents children of both sexes engaged in carrying lumps of tempered or "pugged" clay, used in making bricks, to the brick-makers. The children are usually very thinly clad, sometimes almost naked, their hair being matted with wet clay, and at the end of their day's labor they appear completely exhausted. Children from five years old and upward were compelled to carry lumps of clay varying from ten to fifty pounds, from the clay-heap to the brick-maker's table, the distance traversed in the daily rounds, half of it while carrying their heavy burden, being from ten to twelve miles. The employment lasts about thirteen hours per day, and is of the most fatiguing kind. As a general rule the children are treated with great brutality by their task-masters, and grow up brutish and besotted men and women.



THE BRICK-YARDS OF ENGLAND—CHILDREN CARRYING THE CLAY.

GERMAN CARICATURES.

WE give this week, on page 580, two fine specimens of the humorous art of Germany—one representing a philosopher, the other a physician. Let us take a look at the philosopher. It is evident that he is studying some work of unusual importance. Observe his anxious eyes, his right hand clasped over his mouth, his left tightly clinched. What work is he studying? Is it some abstruse theological treatise, some key to the mysteries of alchemy, or the receipt of the elixir of life? So studied FAUST of old, and so learned he to conjure up Mephistopheles—that demon who so craftily led the worthy doctor to perdition.

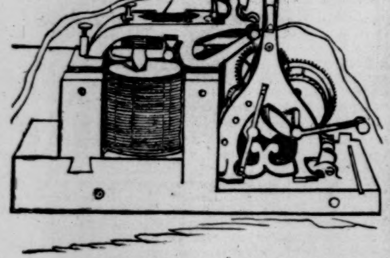
With what truth is the bookworm represented here! And yet the artist has imbued the sketch with a humor which is irresistibly comic. The eye-shade, the cast of the features, the position of the pen, and even the disposition of the books behind and the ponderous volume before him, are all set forth with a careful regard to detail and an inimitable eye to humor. There is nothing out of the way—it is only an old man reading a book, and yet the effect is as ludicrous as it is veracious.

Let us turn to the other one—"the physician." In the true Æsculapian pose, with his gold-headed cane to his chin, he is critically examining some mysterious pharmacic compound in a strange-looking bottle. Seemingly he has not yet quite determined whether the concoction is satisfactory or no. He is evidently studying it with the greatest attention, and the expression of his face as he holds it up to the light, and screws up his eyes preparatory to giving a final opinion on it, is most life-like and amusing. It is probably some chemical experiment which an assistant has been performing, or a prescription which he has not entirely made up to his master's satisfaction. The subject is most simple, but the jocosely critical expression on the learned doctor's face is strikingly humorous, and although the sketch is eminently a caricature, it is unexaggerated and true to the life—two qualities utterly disregarded by the greater part of caricaturists.

THE MORSE STATUE.

We give on page 573 an engraving of the statue of Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, designed for Central Park. The statue is seven and a half feet high. It was moulded by Byron M. Pickett, and cast at the National Fine Art Foundry, in East Twenty-fifth Street, by Maurice J. Power. By reference to the engraving it will be seen that it represents the inventor in the act of receiving a telegraphic dispatch—probably the first one sent over the short experimental line erected between Washington and Baltimore.

Professor Morse is a New Englander by birth, having been born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. He was in early life an artist, and was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design in New York. During a voyage to Europe, in 1832, he conceived the idea of an electric telegraph, his mind having been turned in that direction by the lectures of his friend Professor J. F. Dana. His first apparatus was made in 1835, when he was able to send signals through a circuit of half a mile. Two years later the invention was so far perfected as to be exhibited in full operation to hundreds at the University of New York. In 1838 he applied to Congress for an appropriation to build an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore; but his scheme was received with incredulity and even ridicule. A visit to Europe was no less discouraging, as he failed to obtain patents either in France or England. He went back to Washington, and, after many rebuffs and discouragements, obtained, on the last night of the session of 1843, an appropriation of $30,000 for the experimental line—the first thread in the vast net-work of electrical nerves that now spreads over the whole world, and brings all the nations of the earth within speaking distance of each other.



THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

In connection with this our readers will be interested in the accompanying outline sketch of the earliest telegraphic instrument constructed for public use, and operated upon the Washington and Baltimore line in 1844. It was in charge of Mr. Alfred Vail, at the Baltimore station; while a similar instrument, its exact counterpart, was under the charge of Mr. Morse at Washington.

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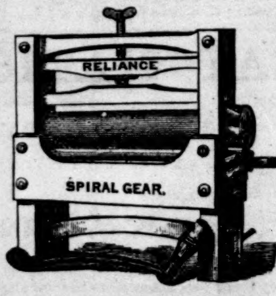

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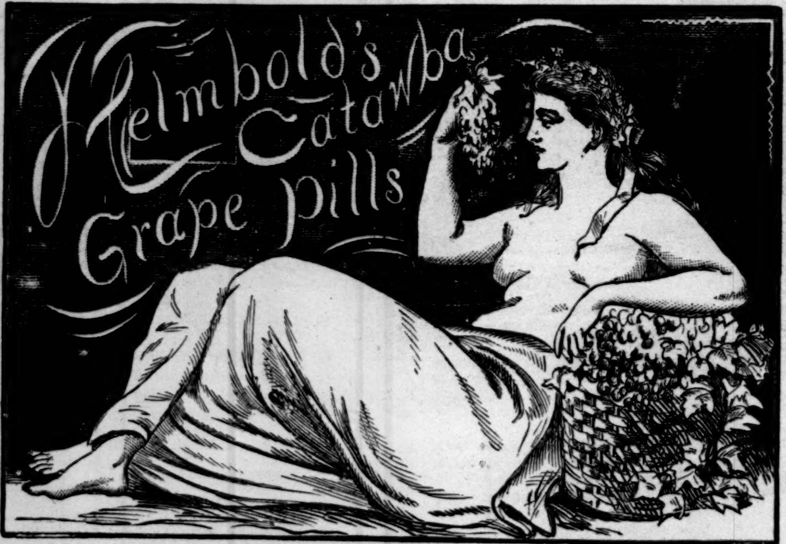

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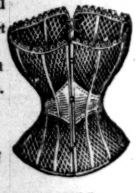

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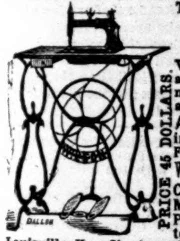

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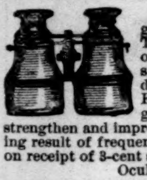

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PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN COIN.

Interest Quarterly, February, May, August, and November.

BONDS FREE OF ALL TAXES, LOCAL OR NATIONAL.

The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five-Twenties*, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan and accrued Interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and One-Half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881. | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF
.... DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A.D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

Washington, ..., 18..
Entered .... Recorded ....
....
Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks,* while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865–66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870–71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871–72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865–66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,217,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation,	605,211,163	383,545,854	366,333,003
Total,	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,392,004	$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862.....	$382,958,500	$103,973,500	$486,932,000
5-20's, 1864.....	44,752,650	55,924,100	100,676,750
5-20's, 1865.....	123,660,150	53,552,100	177,212,250
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	179,369,500	70,851,450	250,220,950
5-20's, 1867.....	241,686,550	91,325,100	333,011,650
5-20's, 1868.....	28,009,350	11,603,000	39,612,350
Total 5-20's..	$1,000,436,700	$387,229,250	$1,387,665,950
Sixes, 1881....	93,260,400	190,417,700	283,678,100
Fives, 10-40's..	57,279,650	137,287,650	194,567,300
Fives, 1874....	13,955,000	6,045,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81.	5,117,000	3,100,400	8,217,400
Total	$1,170,048,750	$724,080,000	$1,894,128,750
Total March 4, 1869			2,107,846,150
Reduction of Funded Debt.			$213,717,400
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869........			$124,255,350
Present yearly charge			111,419,993
Reduction in Interest charge			$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual Interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

Treasury Office, New York, *June 3*, 1871.

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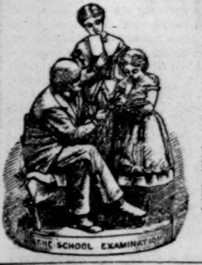

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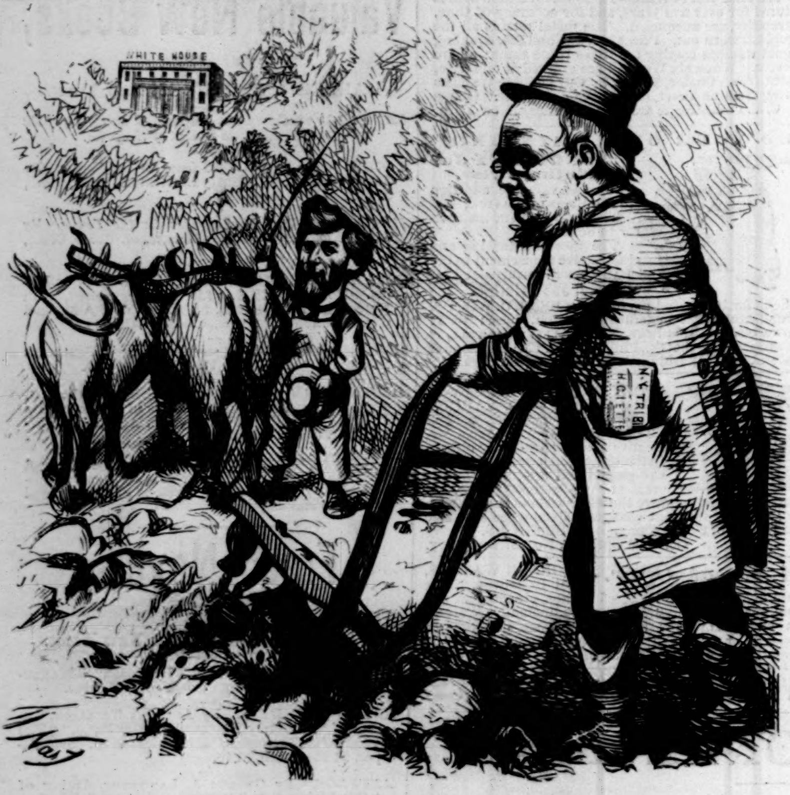

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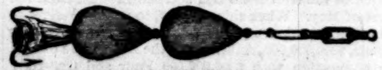

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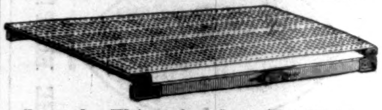

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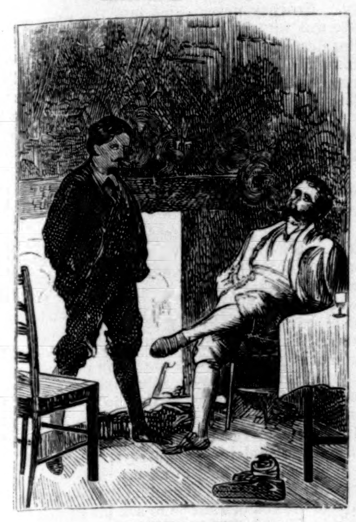


CHAPTER IV.

AT "TRINITY."

IT was while the two young men were seated at breakfast that the post arrived, bringing a number of country newspapers, for which, in one shape or other, Joe Atlee wrote something. Indeed, he was an "own correspondent," dating from London, or Paris, or occasionally from Rome, with an easy freshness and a local color that vouched for authenticity. These journals were of every political tint, from emerald-green to the deepest orange; and, indeed, between two of them—the *Tipperary Pike*, and the *Boyne Water*, hailing from Carrickfergus—there was a controversy of such violence and intemperance of language, that it was a curiosity to see the two papers on the same table: the fact being capable of explanation, that they were both written by Joe Atlee—a secret, however, that he had not confided even to his friend Kearney.

"Will that fellow that signs himself Terry O'Toole in the *Pike* stand this?" cried Kearney, reading aloud from the *Boyne Water:*

"'We know the man who corresponds with you under the signature of Terry O'Toole, and it is but one of the aliases under which he has lived since he came out of the Richmond Bridewell, filcher, forger, and false witness. There is yet one thing he has never tried, which is to behave with a little courage. If he should, however, be able to persuade himself, by the aid of his accustomed stimulants, to accept the responsibility of what he has written, we bind ourselves to pay his expenses to any part of France or Belgium, where he will meet us, and we shall also bind ourselves to give him what his life little entitles him to, a Christian burial afterward.

"'NO SURRENDER.'"

"I am just reading the answer," said Joe. "It is very brief: here it is:

"'If "No Surrender"—who has been a newsvendor in your establishment since you yourself rose from that employ to the editor's chair—will call at this office any morning after distributing his eight copies of your daily issue, we promise to give him such a kicking as he has never experienced during his literary career.

"'TERRY O'TOOLE.'"

"And these are the amenities of journalism!" cried Kearney.

"For the matter of that, you might exclaim at the quack doctor of a fair, and ask, Is this the dignity of medicine?" said Joe. "There's a head and a tail to every walk in life: even the law has a chief-justice at one end and Jack Ketch at the other."

"Well, I sincerely wish that those blackguards would first kick and then shoot each other."

"They'll do nothing of the kind! It's just as likely that they wrote the whole correspondence at the same table, and with the same jug of punch between them."

"If so, I don't envy you your career or your comrades."

"It's a lottery with big prizes in the wheel all the same! I could tell you the names of great swells, Master Dick, who have made very proud places for themselves in England by what you call 'journalism.' In France it is the one road to eminence. Can not you imagine, besides, what capital fun it is to be able to talk to scores of people you were never introduced to—to tell them an infinity of things on public matters, or now and then about themselves; and in so many moods as you have tempers, to warn them, scold, compassionate, correct, console, or abuse them—to tell them not to be overconfident, or bumptious, or purse-proud—"

"And who are *you*, may I ask, who presume to do all this?"

"That's as it may be. We are occasionally Guizot, Thiers, Prévot-Paradol, Lytton, Disraeli, or Joe Atlee."

"Modest, at all events."

"And why not say what I feel—not what I have done, but what is in me to do? Can't you understand this: it would never occur to me that I could vault over a five-bar gate if I had been born a cripple; but the conscious possession of a little pliant muscularity might well tempt me to try it."

"And get a cropper for your pains."

"Be it so. Better the cropper than pass one's life looking over the top rail and envying the fellow that had cleared it. But what's this? Here's a letter here: it got in among the newspapers. I say, Dick, do you stand this sort of thing?" said he, as he read the address.

"Stand what sort of thing?" asked the other, half angrily.

"Why, to be addressed in this fashion? The Honorable Richard Kearney, Trinity College, Dublin."

"It is from my sister," said Kearney, as he took the letter impatiently from his hand; "and I can only tell you, if she had addressed me otherwise, I'd not have opened her letter."

"But come now, old fellow, don't lose temper about it. You have a right to this designation, or you have not—"

"I'll spare all your eloquence by simply saying that I do not look on you as a Committee of Privilege, and I'm not going to plead before you. Besides," added he, "it's only a few minutes ago you asked me to credit you for something you had not yet shown yourself to be, but that you intended and felt that the world should see you were one of these days."

"So then you really mean to bring your claim before the Lords?"

Kearney, if he heard, did not heed this question, but went on to read his letter. "Here's a surprise!" cried he. "I was telling you the other day about a certain cousin of mine we were expecting from Italy."

"The daughter of that swindler, the mock prince?"

"The man's character I'll not stand up for, but his rank and title are alike indisputable," said Kearney, haughtily.

"With all my heart. We have soared into a high atmosphere all this day, and I hope my respiration will get used to it in time. Read away."

It was not till after a considerable interval that Kearney had recovered composure enough to read, and, when he did so, it was with a brow furrowed with irritation:

"KILGOBBIN.

"MY DEAR DICK,—We had just sat down to tea last night, and papa was fidgeting about the length of time his letter to Italy had remained unacknowledged, when a sharp ring at the house-door startled us. We had been hearing a good deal of searches for arms lately in the neighborhood, and we looked very blankly at each other for a moment. We neither of us said so, but I feel sure our thoughts were on the same track, and that we believed Captain Rock, or the head centre, or whatever be his latest title, had honored us with a call. Old Matthew seemed of the same mind too, for he appeared at the door with that venerable blunderbuss we have so often played with, and which, if it had any evil thoughts in its head, I must have been tried for a murder years ago, for I know it was loaded since I was a child, but that the lock has for the same space of time not been on speaking terms with the barrel. While, then, thus confirmed in our suspicions of mischief by Mat's warlike aspect, we both rose from the table, the door opened, and a young girl rushed in, and fell—actually threw herself—into papa's arms. It was Nina herself, who had come all the way from Rome alone, that is, without any one she knew, and made her way to us here, without any other guidance than her own good wits.

"I can not tell you how delighted we are with her. She is the loveliest girl I ever saw, so gentle, so nicely mannered, so soft-voiced, and so winning—I feel myself like a peasant beside her. The least thing she says—her laugh, her slightest gesture, the way she moves about the room, with a sort of swinging grace, which I thought affected at first, but now I see is quite natural—is only another of her many fascinations.

"I fancied for a while that her features were almost too beautifully regular for expression, and that even when she smiled and showed her lovely teeth, her eyes got no increase of brightness; but, as I talked more with her, and learned to know her better, I saw that those eyes have meanings of softness and depth in them of wonderful power, and, stranger than all, an archness that shows she has plenty of humor.

"Her English is charming, but slightly foreign; and when she is at a loss for a word, there is just that much of difficulty in finding it which gives a heightened expression to her beautifully calm face, and makes it lovely. You may see how she has fascinated me, for I could go on raving about her for hours.

"She is very anxious to see you, and asks me over and over again, Shall you like her? I was almost candid enough to say 'too well.' I mean that you could not help falling in love with her, my dear Dick; and she is so much above us in style, in habit, and doubtless in ambition, that such would be only madness. When she saw your photo she smiled, and said, 'Is he not superb?—I mean proud?' I owned you were, and then she added, 'I hope he will like me.' I am not, perhaps, discreet if I tell you she does not like the portrait of your chum, Atlee. She says 'he is very good-looking, very clever, very witty, but isn't he false?' and this she says over and over again. I told her I believed not; that I had never seen him myself, but that I knew you liked him greatly, and felt to him as a brother. She only shook her head, and said, '*Badate bene a quel che dico.* I mean,' said she, '*I'm* right, but he's very nice, for all that!' If I tell you this, Dick, it is just because I can not get it out of my head, and I will keep saying over and over to myself, 'If Joe Atlee be what she suspect, why does she call him very nice, for all that?' I said you intended to ask him down here next vacation, and she gave the drollest little laugh in the world, and does she not look lovely when she shows those small pearly teeth? Heaven help you, poor Dick, when you see her! but if I were you, I should leave Master Joe behind me, for she smiles, as she looks at his likeness, in a way that would certainly make me jealous, if I were only Joe's friend, and not himself.

"We sat up in Nina's room till nigh morning, and to-day I have scarcely seen her, for she wants to be let sleep, after that long and tiresome journey, and I take the opportunity to write you this very rambling epistle; for you may feel sure I shall be less of a correspondent now than when I was without companionship, and I counsel you to be very grateful if you hear from me soon again.

"Papa wants to take Duggan's farm from him, and Lanty Moore's meadows, and throw them into the lawn; but I hope he won't persist in the plan; not alone because it is a mere extravagance, but that the county is very unsettled just now about land-tenure, and the people are hoping all sorts of things from Parliament, and any interference with them at this time would be ill taken. Father Cody was here yesterday, and told me, confidentially, to prevent papa—not so easy a thing as he thinks, particularly if he should come to suspect that any intimidation was intended—and Miss O'Shea unfortunately said something the other day that papa can not get out of his head, and keeps on repeating, 'So then it's our turn now,' the fellows say; 'the landlords have had five hundred years of it; it's time we should come in.' And this he says over and over with a little laugh, and I wish to my heart Miss Betty had kept it to herself. By-the-way, her nephew is to come on leave, and pass two months with her; and she says she hopes you will be here at the same time, to keep him company; but I have a notion that another playfellow may prove a dangerous rival to the Hungarian hussar; perhaps, however, you would hand over Joe Atlee to him.

"Be sure you bring us some new books, and some music, when you come, or send them, if you don't come soon. I am terrified lest Nina should think the place dreary, and I don't know how she is to live here if she does not take to the vulgar drudgeries that fill my own life. When she abruptly asked me, 'What do you do here?' I was sorely puzzled to know what to answer; and then she added quickly, 'For my own part, it's no great matter, for I can always dream. I'm a great dreamer!' Is it not lucky for her, Dick? She'll have ample time for it here.

"I suppose I never wrote so long a letter as this in my life; indeed, I never had a subject that had such a fascination for myself. Do you know, Dick, that though I promised to let her sleep on till nigh dinner-time, I find myself every now and then creeping up gently to her door, and only bethink me of my pledge when my hand is on the lock; and sometimes I even doubt if she is here at all, and I am half crazy at fearing it may be all a dream.

"One word for yourself, and I have done. Why have you not told us of the examination? It was to have been on the tenth, and we are now at the eighteenth. Have you got—whatever it was—the prize, or the medal, or—the reward, in short, we were so anxiously hoping for? It would be such cheery tidings for poor papa, who is very low and depressed of late, and I see him always reading with such attention any notice of the college he can find in the newspaper. My dear, dear brother, how you would work hard if you only knew what a prize success in life might give you. Little as I have seen of her, I could guess that she will never bestow a thought on an undistinguished man. Come down for one day, and tell me if ever, in all your ambition, you had such a goal before you as this.

"The hoggets I sent in to Tullamore fair were not sold; but I believe Miss Betty's steward will take them; and, if so, I will send you ten pounds next week. I never knew the market so dull, and the English dealers now are only eager about horses, and I'm sure I couldn't part with any if I had them. With all my love, I am your ever affectionate sister, KATE KEARNEY.

"I have just stepped into Nina's room and stolen the photo I send you. I suppose the dress must have been for some fancy ball; but she is a hundred million times more beautiful. I don't know if I shall have courage to confess my theft to her."

"Is that your sister, Dick?" said Joe Atlee, as young Kearney withdrew the carte from the letter and placed it face downward on the breakfast-table.

"No," replied he, bluntly, and continued to read on; while the other, in the spirit of that freedom that prevailed between them, stretched out his hand and took up the portrait.

"Who is this?" cried he, after some seconds. "She's an actress. That's something like what the girl wears in 'Don Cæsar de Bazan.' To be sure, she is Maritana. She's stunningly beautiful. Do you mean to tell me, Dick, that there's a girl like that on your provincial boards?"

"I never said so, any more than I gave you leave to examine the contents of my letters," said the other, haughtily.

"Egad! I'd have smashed the seal any day to have caught a glimpse of such a face as that. I'll wager her eyes are blue-gray. Will you have a bet on it?"

"When you have done with your raptures, I'll thank you to hand the likeness to me."

"But who is she? what is she? where is she? Is she the Greek?"

"When a fellow can help himself so coolly to his information as you do, I scarcely think he deserves much aid from others; but, I may tell you, she is not Maritana, nor a provincial actress, nor any actress at all, but a young lady of good blood and birth, and my own first-cousin."

"On my oath, it's the best thing I ever knew of you."

Kearney laughed out at this moment at something in the letter, and did not hear the other's remark.

"It seems, Master Joe, that the young lady did not reciprocate the rapturous delight you feel, at sight of *your* picture. My sister says—I'll read you her very words—'she does not like the portrait of your friend Atlee; he may be clever and amusing, she says, but he is undeniably false.' Mind that—undeniably false."

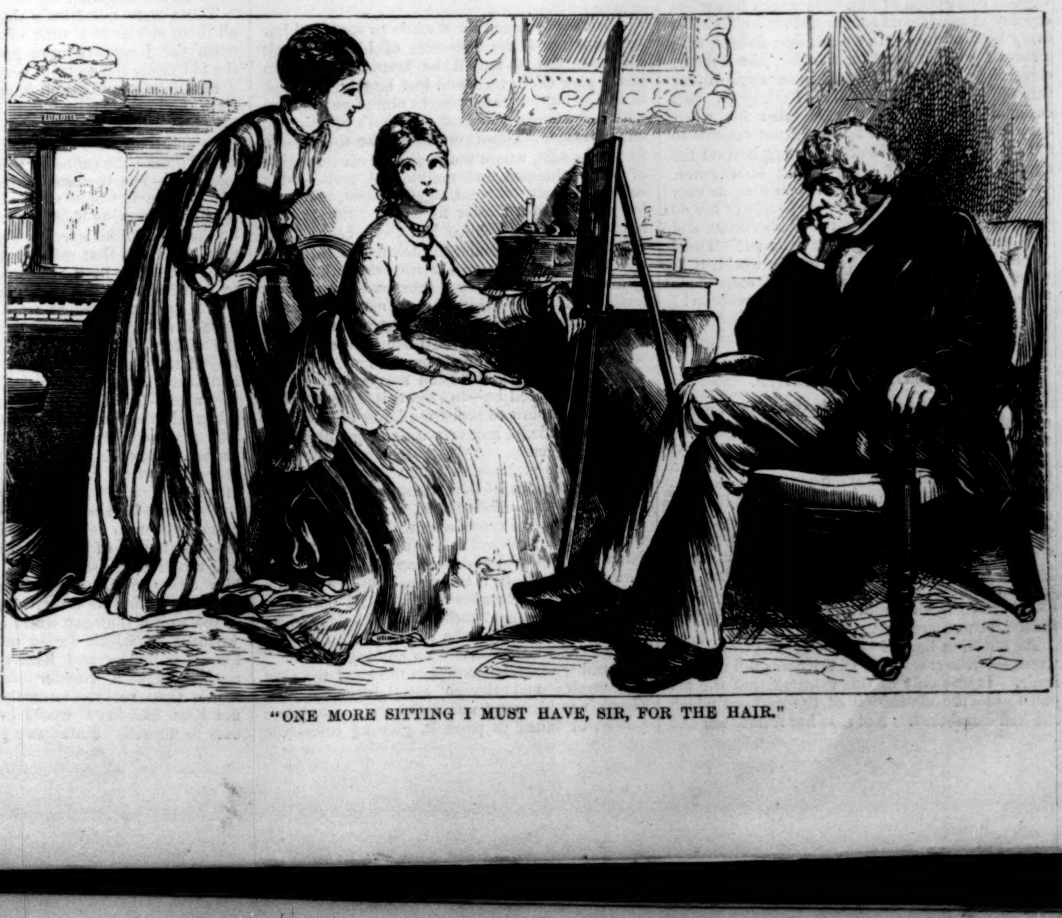
"That's all the fault of the artist. The stupid dog would place me in so strong a light that I kept blinking."

"No, no. She reads you like a book," said the other.

"I wish to Heaven she would, if she would hold me like one."

"And the nice way she qualifies your cleverness, by calling you amusing."

"She could certainly spare that reproach to her cousin Dick," said he, laughing; "but no more of this sparring. When do you mean to take me



"ONE MORE SITTING I MUST HAVE, SIR, FOR THE HAIR."

down to the country with you? The term will be up on Tuesday."

"That will demand a little consideration now. In the fall of the year, perhaps. When the sun is less powerful the light will be more favorable to your features."

"My poor Dick, I cram you with good advice every day; but one counsel I never cease repeating, 'Never try to be witty.' A dull fellow only cuts his finger with a joke, he never catches it by the handle. Hand me over that letter of your sister's: I like the way she writes. All that about the pigs and the poultry is as good as the *Farmers' Chronicle.*"

The other made no other reply than by coolly folding up the letter and placing it in his pocket; and then, after a pause, he said:

"I shall tell Miss Kearney the favorable impression her epistolary powers have produced on my very clever and accomplished chum, Mr. Atlee."

"Do so; and say, if she'd take me for a correspondent instead of you, she'd be 'exchanging with a difference.' On my oath," said he, seriously, "I believe a most finished education might be effected in letter-writing. I'd engage to take a clever girl through a whole course of Latin and Greek, and a fair share of mathematics and logic, in a series of letters, and her replies would be the fairest test of her acquirement."

"Shall I propose this to my sister?"

"Do so, or to your cousin. I suspect Maritana would be an apter pupil."

"The bell has stopped. We shall be late in the hall," said Kearney, throwing on his gown hurriedly and hastening away; while Atlee, taking some proof-sheets from the chimney-piece, proceeded to correct them, a slight flicker of a smile still lingering over his dark but handsome face.

Though such little jarring passages as that we have recorded were nothing uncommon between these two young men, they were very good friends on the whole, the very dissimilarity that provoked their squabbles saving them from any more serious rivalry. In reality, no two people could be less alike: Kearney being a slow, plodding, self-satisfied, dull man, of very ordinary faculties; while the other was an indolent, discursive, sharp-witted fellow, mastering whatever he addressed himself to with ease, but so enamored of novelty that he rarely went beyond a smattering of any thing. He carried away college honors apparently at will, and might, many thought, have won a fellowship with little effort; but his passion was for change. Whatever bore upon the rogueries of letters, the frauds of literature, had an irresistible charm for him; and he once declared that he would almost rather have been Ireland than Shakspeare; and then it was his delight to write Greek versions of a poem that might attach the mark of plagiarism to Tennyson, or show, by a Scandinavian lyric, how the laureate had been poaching from the Northmen. Now it was a mock pastoral in most ecclesiastical Latin that set the whole Church in arms; now, a mock dispatch of Baron Beust's that actually deceived the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and caused quite a panic at the Tuileries. He had established such relations with foreign journals that he could at any moment command insertion for a paper, now in the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, now in the *Golos* of St. Petersburg, or the *Allgemeine Zeitung;* while the comment, written also by himself, would appear in the *Kreutz Zeitung* or *The Times;* and the mystification became such that the shrewdest and keenest heads were constantly misled, to which side to incline in a controversy where all the wires were pulled by one hand. Many a discussion on the authenticity of a document, or the veracity of a conversation, would take place between the two young men: Kearney not having the vaguest suspicion that the author of the point in debate was then sitting opposite to him, sometimes seeming to share the very doubts and difficulties that were then puzzling himself.

While Atlee knew Kearney in every fold and fibre of his nature, Kearney had not the very vaguest conception of him with whom he sat every day at meals, and communed through almost every hour of life. He treated Joe, indeed, with a sort of proud protection, thinking him a sharp, clever, idle fellow, who would never come to any thing higher than a bookseller's hack or an "occasional correspondent." He liked his ready speech and his fun, but he would not consent to see in either evidences of any thing beyond the amusing qualities of a very light intelligence. On the whole, he looked down upon him, as very properly the slow and ponderous people in life do look down upon their more volatile brethren, and vote them triflers. Long may it be so! There would be more sun-strokes in the world, if it were not that the shadows of dull men made such nice cool places for the others to walk in!

CHAPTER V.

HOME LIFE AT THE CASTLE.

THE life of that quaint old country-house was something very strange and odd to Nina Kostalergi. It was not merely its quiet monotony, its unbroken sameness of topics as of events, and its small economies, always appearing on the surface; but that a young girl like Kate, full of life and spirits, gay, handsome, and high-hearted—that she should go her mill-round of these tiresome daily cares, listening to the same complaints, remedying the same evils, meeting the same difficulties, and yet never seem to resent an existence so ignoble and unworthy! This was, indeed, scarce credible.

As for Nina herself—like one saved from shipwreck—her first sense of security was full of gratitude. It was only as this wore off that she began to see the desolation of the rock on which she had clambered. Not that her former life had been rose-tinted. It had been of all things the most harassing and wearying—a life of dreary necessitude—a perpetual struggle with debt. Except play, her father had scarcely any resource for a livelihood. He affected, indeed, to give lessons in Italian and French to young Englishmen; but he was so fastidious as to the rank and condition of his pupils, and so unaccommodating as to his hours, and so unpunctual, that it was evident that the whole was a mere pretense of industry, to avoid the reproach of being utterly dependent on the play-table; besides this, in his capacity as a teacher, he obtained access to houses and acceptance with families where he would have found entrance impossible under other circumstances.

He was polished and good-looking. All his habits bespoke familiarity with society; and he knew to the nicest fraction the amount of intimacy he might venture on with any one. Some did not like him—the man of a questionable position, the reduced gentleman, has terrible prejudices to combat. He must always be suspected—Heaven knows of what, but of some covert design against the religion, or the pocket, or the influence of those who admit him. Some thought him dangerous, because his manners were insinuating, and his address studiously directed to captivate. Others did not fancy his passion for mixing in the world and frequenting society, to which his straitened means appeared to deny him rightful access; but when he had succeeded in introducing his daughter to the world, and people began to say, "See how admirably M. Kostalergi has brought up that girl! how nicely mannered she is, how lady-like, how well bred, what a linguist, what a musician!" a complete revulsion took place in public opinion, and many who had but half trusted, or less than liked him before, became now his stanchest friends and adherents. Nina had been a great success in society, and she reaped the full benefit of it. Sufficiently well-born to be admitted, without any special condescension, into good houses, she was in manner and style the equal of any; and though her dress was ever of the cheapest and plainest, her fresh toilet was often commented on with praise by those who did not fully remember what added grace and elegance the wearer had lent it.

From the wealthy nobles to whom her musical genius had strongly recommended her, numerous and sometimes costly presents were sent in acknowledgment of her charming gifts; and these, as invariably, were converted into money by her father, who after a while gave it to be understood that the recompense would be always more welcome in that form.

Nina, however, for a long time knew nothing of this; she saw herself sought after, and flattered in society, selected for peculiar attention wherever she went, complimented on her acquirements, and made much of to an extent that not unfrequently excited the envy and jealousy of girls much more favorably placed by fortune than herself. If her long mornings and afternoons were passed amidst solitude and poverty, vulgar cares, and harassing importunities, when night came, she emerged into the blaze of lighted lustres and gilded salons, to move in an atmosphere of splendor and sweet sounds, with all that could captivate the senses and exalt imagination. This twofold life of meanness and magnificence so wrought upon her nature as to develop almost two individualities. The one hard, stern, realistic, even to grudgingness; the other gay, buoyant, enthusiastic, and ardent: and they who only saw her of an evening in all the exultation of her flattered beauty, followed about by a train of admiring worshipers, addressed in all that exaggeration of language Italy sanctions, pampered by caresses, and honored by homage on every side, little knew by what dreary torpor of heart and mind that joyous ecstasy they witnessed had been preceded, nor by what a bound her emotions had sprung from the depths of brooding melancholy to this paroxysm of delight; nor could the worn-out and wearied followers of pleasure comprehend the intense enjoyment produced by sights and sounds which in their case no fancy idealized, no soaring imagination had lifted to the heaven of bliss.

Kostalergi seemed for a while to content himself with the secret resources of his daughter's successes, but at length he launched out into heavy play once more, and lost largely. It was in this strait that he bethought him of negotiating with a theatrical manager for Nina's appearance on the stage. These contracts take the precise form of a sale, where the victim, in consideration of being educated, and maintained, and paid a certain amount, is bound, legally bound, to devote her services to a master for a given time. The impresario of the Fenice had often heard from travelers of that wonderful mezzo-soprano voice which was captivating all Rome, where the beauty and grace of the singer were extolled not less loudly. The great skill of these astute providers for the world's pleasure is evidenced in nothing more remarkably than the instinctive quickness with which they pounce upon the indications of dramatic genius, and hasten away—half across the globe if need be—to secure it. Signor Lanari was not slow to procure a letter of introduction to Kostalergi, and very soon acquainted him with his object.

Under the pretense that he was an old friend and former school-fellow, Kostalergi asked him to share their humble dinner, and there, in that meanly furnished room, and with the accompaniment of a wretched and jangling instrument, Nina so astonished and charmed him by her performance, that all the habitual reserve of the cautious bargainer gave way, and he burst out into exclamations of enthusiastic delight, ending with, "She is mine! she is mine! I tell you, since Persiani, there has been nothing like her!"

Nothing remained now but to reveal the plan to herself; and though certainly neither the Greek nor his guest was deficient in descriptive power, or failed to paint in glowing colors the gorgeous procession of triumphs that await stage success, she listened with little pleasure to it all. She had already walked the boards of what she thought a higher arena. She had tasted flatteries unalloyed with any sense of decided inferiority; she had moved among dukes and duchesses with a recognized station, and received their compliments with ease and dignity. Was all this reality of condition to be exchanged for a mock splendor, and a feigned greatness? was she to be subjected to the licensed stare, and criticism, and coarse comment, maybe, of hundreds she never knew, nor would stoop to know? and was the adulation she now lived in to be bartered for the vulgar applause of those who, if dissatisfied, could testify the feeling as openly and unsparingly? She said very little of what she felt in her heart, but was no sooner alone in her room at night than she wrote that letter to her uncle entreating his protection.

It had been arranged with Lanari that she should make one appearance at a small provincial theatre as soon as she could master any easy part, and Kostalergi, having some acquaintance with the manager at Orvieto, hastened off there to obtain his permission for her appearance. It was of this brief absence she profited to fly from Rome, the banker conveying her as far as Civita Vecchia, whence she sailed direct for Marseilles. And now we see her, as she found herself in that dreary old mansion, sad, silent, and neglected, wondering whether the past was all a dream, or if the unbroken calm in which she now lived was not a sleep.

Conceding her perfect liberty to pass her time how she liked, they exacted from her no appearance at meals nor any conformity with the ways of others, and she never came to breakfast, and only entered the drawing-room a short time before dinner. Kate, who had counted on her companionship and society, and hoped to see her sharing with her the little cares and duties of her life and taking interest in her pursuits, was sorely grieved at her estrangement, but continued to believe it would wear off with time and familiarity with the place. Kearney himself, in secret, resented the freedom with which she disregarded the discipline of his house, and grumbled at times over foreign ways and habits that he had no fancy to see under his roof. When she did appear, however, her winning manners, her grace, and a certain half-caressing coquetry she could practice to perfection, so soothed and amused him that he soon forgot any momentary displeasure, and more than once gave up his evening visit to the club at Moate to listen to her as she sang, or hear her sketch off some trait of that Roman society in which British pretension and eccentricity often figured so amusingly.

Like a faithful son of the Church, too, he never wearied hearing of the Pope and the Cardinals, of glorious ceremonials of the Church, and festivals observed with all the pomp and state that pealing organs, and incense, and gorgeous dress could confer. The contrast between the sufferance under which his Church existed at home and the honors and homage rendered to it abroad, was a fruitful stimulant to that disaffection he felt toward England, and would not unfrequently lead him away to long diatribes about penal laws and the many disabilities which had enslaved Ireland, and reduced himself, the descendant of a princely race, to the condition of a ruined gentleman.

To Kate these complainings were ever distasteful; she had but one philosophy, which was "to bear up well," and when not that, "as well as you could." She saw scores of things around her to be remedied, or, at least, bettered, by a little exertion, and not one which could be helped by a vain regret. For the loss of that old barbaric splendor and profuse luxury which her father mourned over she had no regrets. She knew that these wasteful and profligate livers had done nothing for the people either in act or in example; that they were a selfish, worthless, self-indulgent race, caring for nothing but their pleasures, and making all their patriotism consist in a hate toward England.

These were not Nina's thoughts. She liked all these stories of a time of power and might, when the Kearneys were great chieftains, and the old castle the scene of revelry and feasting.

She drew prettily, and it amused her to illustrate the curious tales the old man told her of rays and forays, the wild old life of savage chieftains and the scarce less savage conquerors. On one of these—she called it "The Return of O'Caharney"—she bestowed such labor and study, that her uncle would sit for hours watching the work, not knowing if his heart were more stirred by the claim of his ancestor's greatness, or by the marvelous skill that realized the whole scene before him. The head of the young chieftain was to be filled in when Dick came home. Meanwhile, great persuasions were being used to induce Tom Gill to sit for a kern who had shared the exile of his masters, but had afterward betrayed them to the English; and whether Gill had heard some dropping word of the part he was meant to fill, or that his own suspicion had taken alarm from certain directions the young lady gave as to the expression he was to assume, certain is it nothing could induce him to comply, and go down to posterity with the immortality of crime.

The little long-neglected drawing-room where Nina had set up her easel became now the usual morning lounge of the old man, who loved to sit and watch her as she worked, and, what amused him even more, listen while she talked. It seemed to him like a revival of the past to hear of the world, that gay world of feasting and enjoyment, of which for so many years he had known nothing; and here he was back in it again, and with grander company and higher names than he ever remembered. "Why was not Kate like her?" would he mutter over and over to himself. Kate was a good girl, fine-tempered and happy-hearted, but she had no accomplishments, none of those refinements of the other. If he wanted to present her at "the Castle" one of these days, he did not know if she would have tact enough for the ordeal; but Nina!—Nina was sure to make an actual sensation, as much by her grace and her style as by her beauty. Kearney never came into the room where she was without being struck by the elegance of her demeanor, the way she would rise to receive him, her step, her carriage, the very disposal of her drapery as she sat; the modulated tone of her voice, and a sort of purring satisfaction as she took his hand and heard his praises of her, spread like a charm over him, so that he never knew how the time slipped by as he sat beside her.

"Have you ever written to your father since you came here?" asked he one day as they talked together.

"Yes, Sir; and yesterday I got a letter from him. Such a nice letter, Sir—no complainings, no reproaches for my running away; but all sorts of good wishes for my happiness. He owns he was sorry to have ever thought of the stage for me; but he says this lawsuit he is engaged in about his grandfather's will may last for years, and that he knew I was so certain of a great success, and that a great success means more than mere money, he fancied that in my triumph he would reap the recompense for his own disasters. He is now, however, far happier that I have found a home, a real home, and says, 'Tell my lord I am heartily ashamed of all my rudeness with regard to him, and would willingly make a pilgrimage to the end of Europe to ask his pardon;' and say besides that 'when I shall be restored to the fortune and rank of my ancestors,'—you know," added she, "he is a prince,—'my first act will be to throw myself at his feet and beg to be forgiven by him.'"

"What is the property? is it land?" asked he, with the half-suspectfulness of one not fully assured of what he was listening to.

"Yes, Sir; the estate is in Delos. I have seen the plan of the grounds and gardens of the palace, which are princely. Here, on this seal," said she, showing the envelope of her letter, "you can see the arms; papa never omits to use it, though on his card he is written only 'of the princes'—a form observed with us."

"And what chance has he of getting it all back again?"

"That is more that I can tell you; he himself is sometimes very confident, and talks as if there could not be a doubt of it."

"Used your poor mother to believe it?" asked he, half-tremulously.

"I can scarcely say, Sir; I can barely remember her; but I have heard papa blame her for not interesting her high connections in England in his suit; he often thought that a word to the embassador at Athens would have almost decided the case."

"High connections, indeed!" burst he forth. "By my conscience they're pretty much out at elbows, like himself; and if we were trying to recover our own right to-morrow, the look-out would be bleak enough!"

"Papa is not easily cast down, Sir; he has a very sanguine spirit."

"Maybe you think it's what is wanting in my case, eh, Nina? Say it out, girl; tell me, I'd be the better for a little of your father's hopefulness, eh?"

"You could not change to any thing I could like better than what you are," said she, taking his hand and kissing it.

"Ah, you're a rare one to say coaxing things," said he, looking fondly on her. "I believe you'd be the best advocate for either of us, if the courts would let you plead for us."

"I wish they would, Sir," said she, proudly.

"What is that?" cried he, suddenly; "sure it's not putting myself you are in the picture!"

"Of course I am, Sir. Was not the O'Caharney your ancestor? Is it likely that an old race had not traits of feature and lineament that ages of descent could not efface? I'd swear that strong brow and frank look must be an heirloom."

"Faith, then, almost the only one!" said he, sighing. "Who's making that noise out there?" said he, rising and going to the window. "Oh, it's Kate with her dogs. I often tell her she'd keep a pair of ponies for less than those troublesome brutes cost her."

"They are great company to her, she says, and she lives so much in the open air."

"I know she does," said he, dropping his head, and sitting like one whose thoughts had taken a brooding, despondent turn.

"One more sitting I must have, Sir, for the hair. You had it beautifully yesterday; it fell over on one side with a most perfect light on a large lock here. Will you give me half an hour to-morrow, say?"

"I can't promise you, my dear. Tom Gill has been urging me to go over to Loughrea for the fair; and if we go, we ought to be there by Saturday, and have a quiet look at the stock before the sales begin."

"And are you going to be long away?" said she, poutingly, as she leaned over the back of his chair, and suffered her curls to fall half across his face.

"I'll be right glad to be back again," said he, pressing her head down till he could kiss her cheek, "right glad!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE "BLUE GOAT."

THE "Blue Goat" in the small town of Moate is scarcely a model hostel. The entrance hall is too much encumbered by tramps and beggars of various orders and ages, who not only resort there to take their meals and play at cards, but to divide the spoil and settle the accounts of their several "industries," and occasionally to clear off other scores which demand police interference. On the left is the bar; the right-hand, being used as the office of a land-agent, is besieged by crowds of country people, in whom, if language is to be trusted, the grievous wrongs of land-tenure are painfully portrayed—nothing but complaint, dogged determination, and resistance being heard on every side. Behind the bar is a long low-ceilinged apartment, the parlor *par excellence*, only used by distinguished visitors, and reserved on one especial evening of the week for the meeting of the "Goats," as the members of a club call themselves—the chief, indeed the founder, being our friend Maurice Kearney, whose title of sovereignty was "Buck-Goat," and whose portrait, painted by a native artist and presented by the society, figured over the chimney-piece. The village Vandyke would seem to have invested largely in carmine, and though far from parsimonious of it on the cheeks and the nose of his sitter, he was driven to work off some of his superabundant stock on the cravat, and even the hands, which, though amicably crossed in front of the white-waistcoated stomach, are fearfully suggestive of some recent deed of blood. The pleasant geniality of the countenance is, however, re-assuring. Nor—except a decided squint, by which the artist had ambitiously attempted to convey a humoristic drollery to the expression—is there any thing sinister in the portrait.

An inscription on the frame announces that this picture of their respected founder was presented, on his fiftieth birthday, "To Maurice Kearney, sixth Viscount Kilgobbin;" various devices of "caprine" significance, heads, horns, and hoofs, profusely decorating the frame. If the antiquarian should lose himself in researches for the origin of this society, it is as well to admit, at once, that the landlord's sign of the "Blue Goat" gave the initiative to the name, and that the worthy associates derived nothing from classical authority, and never assumed to be descendants of fauns or satyrs, but respectable shop-keepers of Moate, and unexceptional judges of "poteen." A large jug of this insinuating liquor figured on the table, and was called "Goat's-milk;" and if these humoristic traits are so carefully enumerated, it is because they comprised all that was specially droll or quaint in these social gatherings, the members of which were a very commonplace set of men, who discussed their little local topics in very ordinary fashion, slightly elevated, perhaps, in self-esteem, by thinking how little the outer world knew of their dullness and dreariness.

As the meetings were usually determined on by the will of the president, who announced at the hour of separation when they were to re-assemble, and as, since his niece's arrival, Kearney had almost totally forgotten his old associates, the club-room ceased to be regarded as the holy of holies, and was occasionally used by the landlord for the reception of such visitors as he deemed worthy of peculiar honor.

It was on a very wet night of that especially rainy month in the Irish calendar, July, that two travelers sat over a turf fire in this sacred chamber, various articles of their attire being spread out to dry before the blaze, the owners of which actually steamed with the effects of the heat upon their damp habiliments.

Some fishing-tackle and two knapsacks, which lay in a corner, showed they were pedestrians, and their looks, voice, and manner proclaimed them still more unmistakably to be gentlemen.

One was a tall, sunburnt, soldier-like man of six or seven and thirty, powerfully built, and with that solidity of gesture and firmness of tread sometimes so marked with strong men. A mere glance at him showed he was a cold, silent, somewhat haughty man, not given to hasty resolves, or in any way impulsive, and it is just possible that a long acquaintance with him would not have revealed a great deal more. He had served in a half dozen regiments; and although all declared that Henry Lockwood was an honorable fellow, a good soldier, and thoroughly "safe"—a very meaning epithet—there were no very deep regrets when he "exchanged," nor was there, perhaps, one man who felt he had lost his "pal" by his going. He was now in the carbineers, and serving as an extra aid-de-camp to the Viceroy.

Not a little unlike him in most respects was the man who sat opposite him: a pale, finely featured, almost effeminate-looking young fellow, with a small line of dark mustache, and a beard *en Henri Quatre*, to the effect of which a collar cut in Vandyke fashion gave an especial significance. Cecil Walpole was disposed to be pictorial in his get-up, and the purple dye of his knickerbocker stockings, the slouching plumage of his Tyrol hat, and the graceful hang of his jacket, had excited envy in quarters where envy was fame. He, too, was on the vice-regal staff, being private secretary to his relative the Lord-Lieutenant, during whose absence in England they had undertaken a ramble to the Westmeath lakes, not very positive whether their object was to angle for trout or to fish for that "knowledge of Ireland" so popularly sought after in our day, and which displays itself so profusely in platform speeches and letters to *The Times*. Lockwood, not impossibly, would have said it was "to do a bit of walking" he had come. He had gained eight pounds by that indolent Phœnix Park life he was leading, and he had no fancy to go back to Leicestershire too heavy for his cattle. He was not—few hunting men are—an ardent fisherman; and as for the vexed question of Irish politics, he did not see why he was to trouble his head to unravel the puzzles that were too much for Mr. Gladstone; not to say that he felt to meddle with these matters was like interfering with another man's department. "I don't suspect," he would say, "I should fancy John Bright coming down to 'stables' and dictating to me how my Irish horses should be shod, or what was the best bit for a 'borer.'" He saw, besides, that the game of politics was a game of compromises: something was deemed admirable now that had been hitherto almost execrable; and that which was utterly impossible today, if done last year would have been a triumphant success, and consequently he pronounced the whole thing an "imposition and a humbug." "I can understand a right and a wrong as well as any man," he would say, "but I know nothing about things that are neither or both, according to who's in or who's out of the Cabinet. Give me the command of twelve thousand men, let me divide them into three flying columns, and if I don't keep Ireland quiet, draft me into a West Indian regiment, that's all." And as to the idea of issuing special commissions, passing new Acts of Parliament, or suspending old ones, to do what he or any other intelligent soldier could do without any knavery or any corruption, "John Bright might tell us," but he couldn't. And here it may be well to observe that it was a favorite form of speech with him to refer to this illustrious public man in this familiar manner; but always to show what a condition of muddle and confusion must ensue if we followed the counsels that name emblematized; nor did he know a more cutting sarcasm to reply to an adversary than when he had said: "Oh, John Bright would agree with you," or, "I don't think John Bright could go farther."

Of a very different stamp was his companion. He was a young gentleman whom we can not more easily characterize than by calling him, in the cant of the day, "of the period." He was essentially the most recent product of the age we live in. Manly enough in some things, he was fastidious in others to the very verge of effeminacy; an aristocrat by birth and by predilection, he made a parade of democratic opinions. He affected a sort of Crichtonism in the variety of his gifts, and as linguist, musician, artist, poet, and philosopher, loved to display the scores of things he might be, instead of that mild, very ordinary young gentleman that he was. He had done a little of almost every thing; he had been in the Guards, in diplomacy, in the House for a brief session, had made an African tour, written a pleasant little book about the Nile, with the illustrations by his own hand. Still he was greater in promise than performance. There was an opera of his partly finished; a five-act comedy almost ready for the stage; a half-executed group he had left in some studio in Rome showed what he might have done in sculpture. When his distinguished relative the Marquis of Danesbury recalled him from his post as secretary of legation in Italy, to join him at his Irish seat of government, the phrase in which he invited him to return is not without its significance, and we give it as it occurred in the context: "I have no fancy for the post they have assigned me, nor is it what I had hoped for. They say, however, I shall succeed here. *Nous verrons.* Meanwhile I remember your often remarking, 'There is a great game to be played in Ireland.' Come over at once, then, and let me have a talk with you over it. I shall manage the question of your leave, by making you private secretary for the moment. We shall have many difficulties, but Ireland will be the worst of them. Do not delay, therefore; for I shall only go over to be sworn in, etc., and return for the third reading of the Church Bill, and I should like to see you in Dublin (and leave you there) when I go."

Except that they were both members of the household, and English by birth, there was scarcely a tie between these very dissimilar natures; but somehow the accidents of daily life, stronger than the traits of disposition, threw them into intimacy, and they agreed it would be a good thing "to see something of Ireland;" and with this wise resolve they had set out on that half-fishing excursion, which, having taken them over the Westmeath lakes, now was directing them to the Shannon, but with an infirmity of purpose to which lack of sport and disastrous weather were contributing powerfully at the moment we have presented them to our reader.

To employ the phrase which it is possible each might have used, they "liked each other well enough"—that is, each found something in the other he "could get on with;" but there was no stronger tie of regard or friendship between them, and each thought he perceived some flaw of pretension, or affected wisdom, or selfishness, or vanity, in the other, and actually believed he amused himself by its display. In natures, tastes, and dispositions, they were miles asunder, and disagreement between them would have been unceasing on every subject, had they not both been gentlemen. It was this alone—this gentleman element—made their companionship possible, and, in the long run, not unpleasant. So much more has good-breeding to do in the common working of daily life than the more valuable qualities of mind and temperament.

Though much younger than his companion, Walpole took the lead in all the arrangements of the journey, determined where and how long they should halt, and decided on the route next to be taken; the other showing a real or affected indifference on all these matters, and making of his town-bred apathy a very serviceable quality in the midst of Irish barbarism and desolation. On politics, too—if that be the name for such light convictions as they entertained—they differed; the soldier's ideas being formed on what he fancied would be the late Duke of Wellington's opinion, and consisting in what he called "putting down." Walpole was a promising Whig—that is, one who coquets with Radical notions, but fastidiously avoids contact with the mob; and who, fervently believing that all popular concessions are spurious if not stamped with Whig approval, would like to treat the democratic leaders as forgers and knaves.

If, then, there was not much of similarity between these two men to attach them to each other, there was what served for a bond of union: they belonged to the same class in life, and used pretty nigh the same forms for their expression of like and dislike; and as in traffic it contributes wonderfully to the facilities of business to use the same money, so in the common intercourse of life will the habit to estimate things at the same value conduce to very easy relations, and something almost like friendship.

While they sat over the fire awaiting their supper, each had lighted a cigar, busying himself from time to time in endeavoring to dry some drenched article of dress, or extracting from damp and dripping pockets their several contents.

"This, then," said the younger man—"this is the picturesque Ireland our tourist writers tell us of; and the land where *The Times* says the traveler will find more to interest him than in the Tyrol or the Oberland!"

"What about the climate?" said the other, in a deep bass voice.

"Mild and moist, I believe, are the epithets; that is, it makes you damp and it keeps you so."

"And the inns?"

"The inns, it is admitted, might be better; but the traveler is admonished against fastidiousness, and told that the prompt spirit of obligeance, the genial cordiality, he will meet with, are more than enough to repay him for the want of more polished habits and mere details of comfort and convenience."

"Rotten humbug! *I* don't want cordiality from my innkeeper."

"I should think not! As, for instance, a bit of carpet in this room would be worth more than all the courtesy that showed us in."

"What was that lake called—the first place, I mean?" asked Lockwood.

"Loch Iron. I shouldn't say but with better weather it might be pretty."

A half grunt of dissent was all the reply, and Walpole went on:

"It's no use painting a landscape when it is to be smudged all over with Indian ink. There are no tints in mountains swathed in mist, no color in trees swamped with moisture; every thing seems so imbued with damp, one fancies it would take two years in the tropics to dry Ireland."

"I asked that fellow who showed us the way here why he didn't pitch off those wet rags he wore, and walk away in all the dignity of nakedness."

A large dish of rashers and eggs, and a mess of Irish stew, which the landlord now placed on the table, with a foaming jug of malt, seemed to rally them out of their ill temper; and for some time they talked away in a more cheerful tone.

"Better than I hoped for," said Walpole.

"Fair."

"And that ale, too—I suppose it is called ale—is very tolerable."

"It's downright good. Let us have some more of it." And he shouted "Master!" at the top of his voice. "More of this," said Lockwood, touching the measure. "Beer or ale, which is it?"

"Castle Bellingham, Sir," replied the landlord; "beats all the Bass and Allsopp that ever was brewed."

"You think so, eh?"

"I'm sure of it, Sir. The club that sits here had a debate on it one night, and put it to the vote, and there wasn't one man for the English liquor. My lord there," said he, pointing to the portrait, "sent an account of it all to *Saunders's* newspaper."

While he left the room to fetch the ale the travelers both fixed their eyes on the picture, and Walpole, rising, read out the inscription—"Viscount Kilgobbin."

"There's no such title," said the other, bluntly.

"Lord Kilgobbin—Kilgobbin. Where did I hear that name before?"

"In a dream, perhaps."

"No, no. I *have* heard it, if I could only remember where and how! I say, landlord, where does his lordship live?" and he pointed to the portrait.

"Beyond, at the Castle, Sir. You can see it from the door without when the weather's fine."

"That must mean on a very rare occasion!" said Lockwood, gravely.

"No, indeed, Sir. It didn't begin to rain on Tuesday last till after three o'clock."

"Magnificent climate!" exclaimed Walpole, enthusiastically.

"It is indeed, Sir. Glory be to God!" said the landlord, with an honest gravity that set them both off laughing.

"How about this club—does it meet often?"

"It used, Sir, to meet every Thursday evening, and my lord never missed a night, but quite lately he took it in his head not to come out in the evenings. Some say it was the rheumatism, and more says it's the unsettled state of the country: though, the Lord be praised for it, there wasn't a man fired at in the neighborhood since Easter, and *he* was a peeler."

"One of the constabulary?"

"Yes, Sir; a dirty, mean chap, that was looking after a poor boy that set fire to Mr. Hagin's ricks, and that was over a year ago."

"And naturally forgotten by this time?"

"By coorse it was forgotten. Ould Mat Hagin got a presentment for the damage out of the Grand Jury, and nobody was the worse for it at all."

"And so the club is smashed, eh?"

"As good as smashed, Sir; for whenever any of them comes now of an evening, he just goes into the bar and takes his glass there." He sighed heavily as he said this, and seemed overcome with sadness.

"I'm trying to remember why the name is so familiar to me. I know I have heard of Lord Kilgobbin before," said Walpole.

"Maybe so," said the landlord, respectfully. "You may have read in books how it was at Kilgobbin Castle King James came to stop after the Boyne; that he held a 'coort' there in the big drawing-room—they call it the 'throne-room' ever since—and slept two nights at the Castle afterward?"

"That's something to see, Walpole," said Lockwood.

"So it is. How is that to be managed, landlord? Does his lordship permit strangers to visit the Castle?"

"Nothing easier than that, Sir," said the host, who gladly embraced a project that should detain his guests at the inn. "My lord went through the town this morning on his way to Loughrea fair; but the young ladies is at home; and you've only to send over a message, and say you'd like to see the place, and they'll be proud to show it to you."

"Let us send our cards, with a line in pencil," said Walpole, in a whisper to his friend.

"And there are young ladies there?" asked Lockwood.

"Two born beauties; it's hard to say which is handsomest," replied the host, overjoyed at the attraction his neighborhood possessed.

"I suppose that will do?" said Walpole, showing what he had written on his card.

"Yes, perfectly."

"Dispatch this at once—I mean early to-morrow; and let your messenger ask if there be an answer. How far is it off?"

"A little over twelve miles, Sir; but I've a mare in the stable will 'rowle' ye over in an hour and a quarter."

"All right. We'll settle on every thing after breakfast to-morrow." And the landlord withdrew, leaving them once more alone.

"This means," said Lockwood, drearily, "we shall have to pass a day in this wretched place."

"It will take a day to dry our wet clothes; and, all things considered, one might be worse off than here. Besides, I shall want to look over my notes. I have done next to nothing, up to this time, about the land question."

"I thought that the old fellow with the cow, the fellow I gave a cigar to, had made you up in your tenant-right affair," said Lockwood.

"He gave me a great deal of very valuable information; he exposed some of the evils of tenancy at will as ably as I ever heard them treated, but he was occasionally hard on the landlord."

"I suppose one word of truth never came out of his mouth!"

"On the contrary, real knowledge of Ireland is not to be acquired from newspapers; a man must see Ireland for himself—*see* it," repeated he, with strong emphasis.

"And then?"

"And then, if he be a capable man, a reflecting man, a man in whom the perceptive power is joined to the social faculty—

"Look here, Cecil: one hearer won't make a house: don't try it on speechifying to me. It's all humbug coming over to look at Ireland. You may pick up a little brogue, but it's all you'll pick up for your journey." After this, for him unusually long speech, he finished his glass, lighted his bedroom candle, and nodding a good-night, strolled away.

"I'd give a crown to know where I heard of you before!" said Walpole, as he stared up at the portrait.

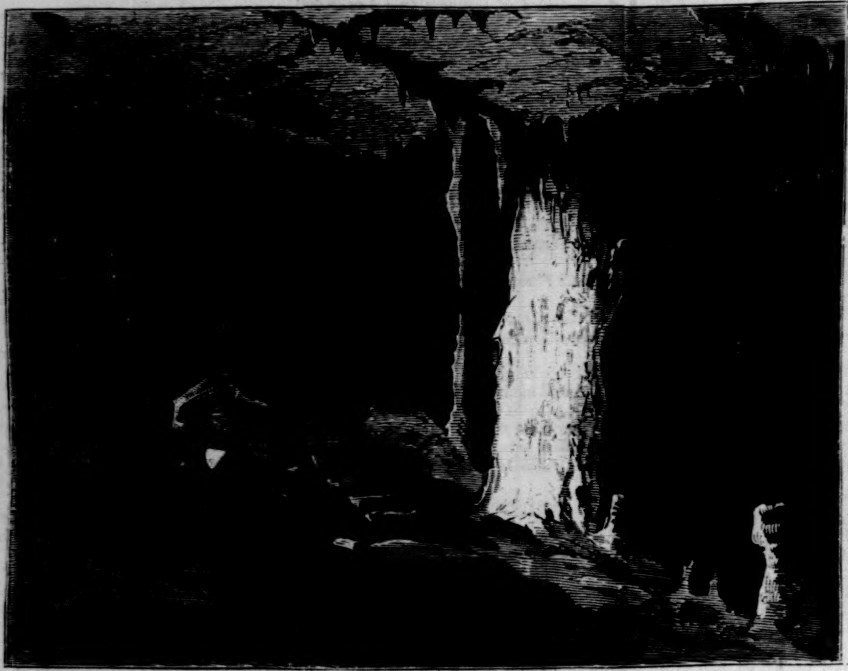
FOUNTAIN CAVE, VIRGINIA.

WE give this week, on page 588, a series of interesting sketches from the pencil of Mr. W. L. SHEPPARD, made in a wonderfully beautiful as well as extensive cave in Augusta County, Virginia. Though, perhaps, of less extent than some other celebrated caves, for it has not yet been thoroughly explored, it contains some very singular as well as beautiful formations, and the tourist in that part of the country will find it well worthy of a visit.

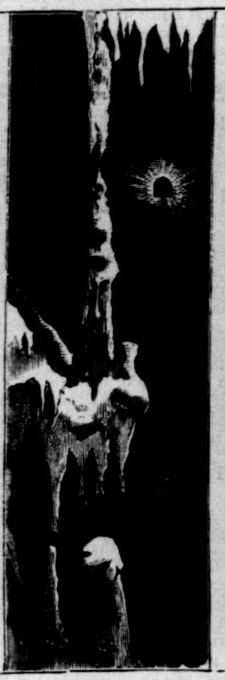
The existence of this cave has been suspected for many years, owing to the "smoke"—so called by the people of the neighborhood—which, on cold days, rose from a fissure in the ground; but it was not opened until a little more than a year ago, when a number of persons in the vicinity undertook its exploration. It is now rendered easy of access. We have not the space for an extended description of its various apartments, nor do the sketches illustrate any but the most prominent features. Many of the most delicate and beautiful attractions are not of a character to be represented by engraving. The sparkle of the incrustations, the myriad forms of stalactites and stalagmites, almost defy the pictorial art.

Of the general features of the cave one of the most striking, from its size and peculiar formation, is the "Panel Hall," so named from the markings in the ceiling, which, as may be seen by reference to the sketch, is divided with great regularity by the drippings from the rock. Very few measurements have been made thus far, but the human figures in the sketches will give a fair idea of the dimensions of the several apartments and formations. "Jefferson's Tobacco Barn" derives its name from a singular row of stalactites, which resemble tobacco hung across a pole to dry. "The Tannery" has formations the size of the largest side of leather depending from the roof. "The Hanging Man," shown in the sketch, is a stalactite nearly seven feet long, about ten feet above the floor. "Pompey's Statue," a beautiful white formation about two feet high, on a pedestal twelve feet high, bears a striking resemblance, when the light is held in the proper position, to a figure in helmet and antique dress. The group of stalactites and stalagmites given in one of the smaller cuts is about thirty feet in total height, and very beautifully marked. The "Elf's Bath" is a picturesque collection of basins filled with pure, sparkling water; and one can easily imagine it to be the place which the tiny followers of Oberon and Titania would choose for a frolic in the crystal wave, out of the sight of men.

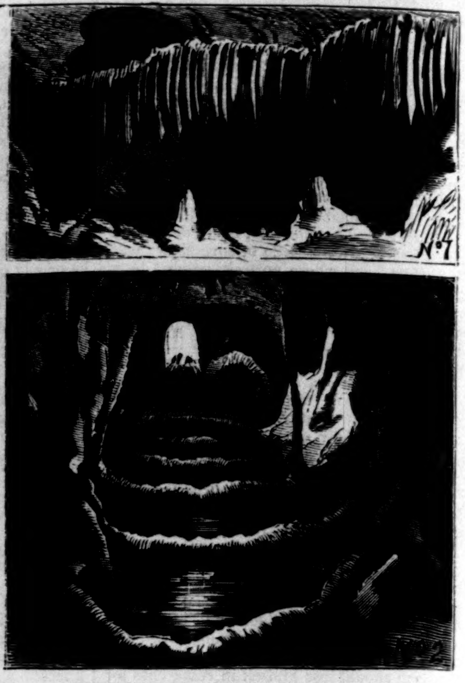
Fountain Cave is seventeen miles northeast of Staunton, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. It has been explored to a distance of about a mile, without reaching the end.



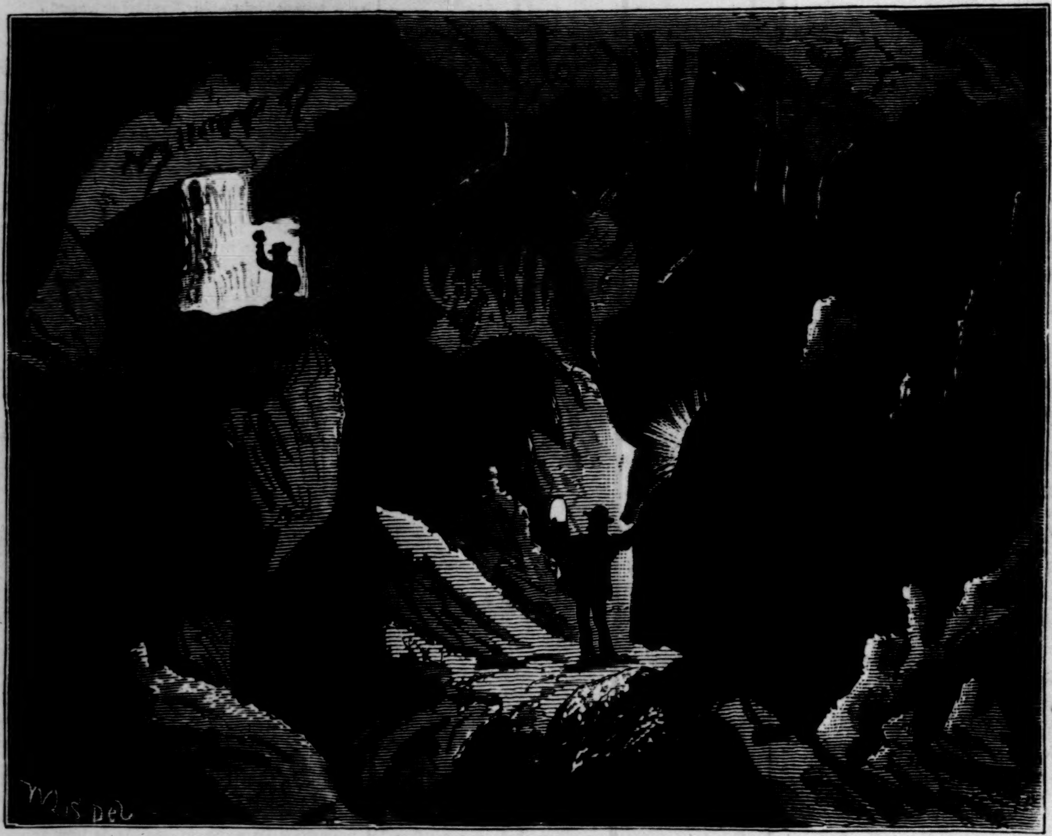
PANELED HALL, NEAR THE ENTRANCE.



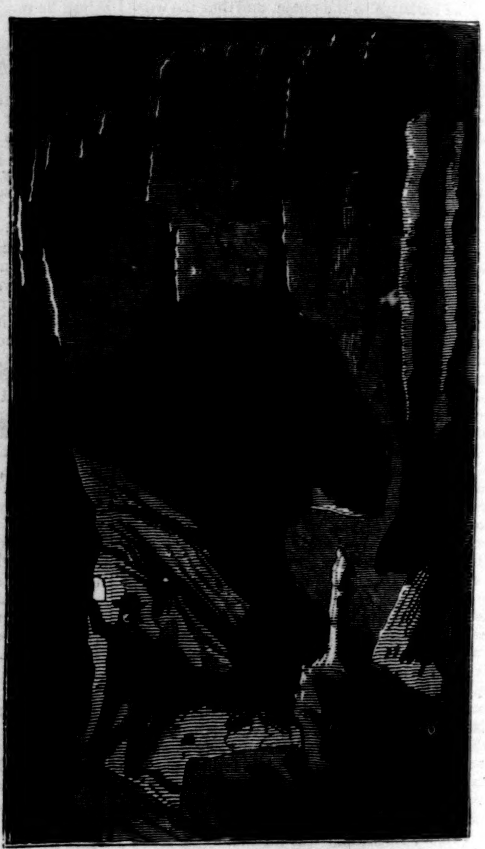
SINGULAR FORMATIONS.



No. 1. JEFFERSON'S TOBACCO BARN; No. 2, ELF'S BATH.

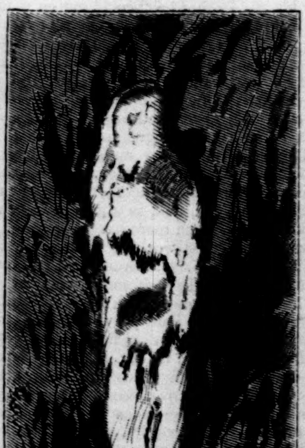


HALL WITH THE WHITE PILLAR.

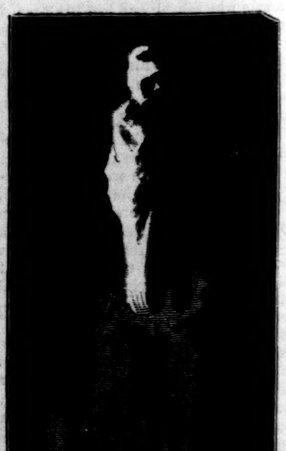


ARCHED PASSAGE BETWEEN THE TWO HALLS.

LARGE HALL NEAR THE END OF THE CAVE.



THE HANGING MAN.



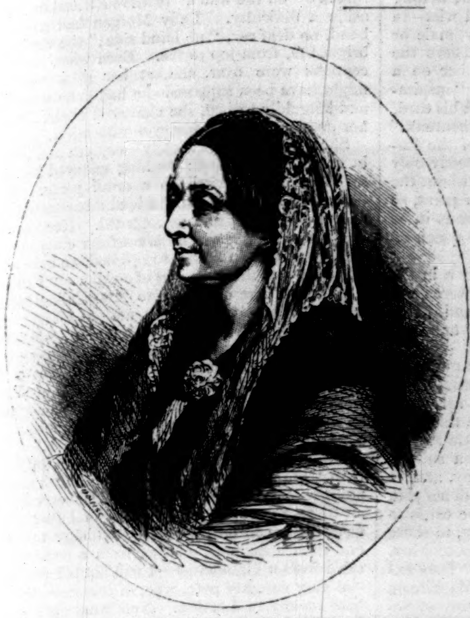
POMPEY'S STATUE.

SKETCHES IN FOUNTAIN CAVE, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

BY S. C. HALL.



SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

IN the year 1822 I first knew SYDNEY, Lady Morgan. I saw her sitting in "the little red room in Kildare Street, by courtesy called a boudoir;" and although the "Wild Irish Girl" was even then a woman of "a certain age," she had so much of that natural vivacity, aptness for repartee, and point in conversation (often better than wit), that made her the oracle and idol of "a set" in the Irish metropolis, where others—not a few—feared and hated her; for her political bias was strong, and her antipathies, strong also, were seldom withstood or withheld.

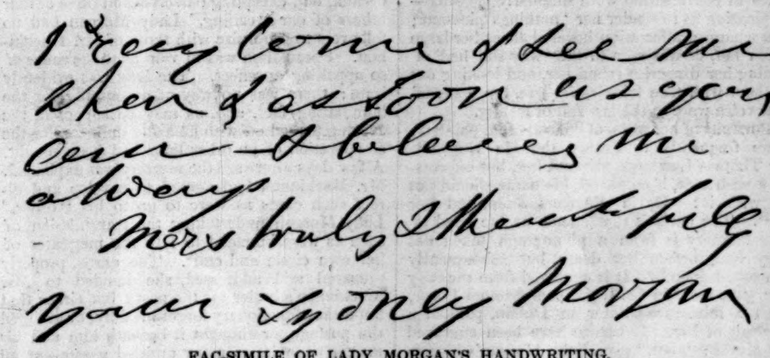
She was never handsome, even in youth; small in person, and slightly deformed, there was about her much of ease and self-possession, but nothing of grace; yet she was remarkable for that peculiar something—for which we have no English word, but which the French express by *je ne sais quoi*—which in women often attracts and fascinates more than mere personal beauty.

Although it was said of Lady Morgan that she was a vain woman, had always coveted the distinction of seeing the visiting cards of lords and titled ladies in her card-stand, and liked, when she paid visits, to borrow a carriage with a coronet, to receive as many as might be of stars actual at her "evenings," to exhibit on her chimney-piece the gifts of people whom heritage rather than genius had made great, and was, in short, a woman of the world, she had, like all women of decided character and energetic temperament, her kindly sympathies and her considerate generosities, was a very lovable person to those she loved, and a true friend to those in whom she took interest.

Her collected letters, interspersed with meagre bits of memoir, were published soon after her death by her literary executor, Hepworth Dixon, and under the editorship of Geraldine Jewsbury. We can not doubt that judicious discrimination was exercised in the selection. According to that authority the diaries from her own hand were "copious," and she kept every letter she had received, from the epistles of field-marshals to the billets of a washer-woman. In a word, she contemplated and arranged for this memoir, and prepared it accordingly, with as much system and order as she settled her toilet and her drawing-room for a "reception"—to make the best of herself and her belongings; commencing with the day of her birth (but she does not name the year), when all the wits of Dublin were assembled—of whom she gives a biographical list—and ending with her last drive in a friend's carriage.

During many years she kept a journal. Of its utter barrenness an idea may be formed from those portions of it which her biographer has published, and from the fact that from one whole year's record he has printed but six lines, no doubt the only portion that was worth preserving. Her autobiography is, indeed—as were her rooms—an assemblage of a mass of things, no one of which was of much value, but which, when taken together, were curious, interesting, and instructive.

"No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into any admission about her age." The dates of all old letters were carefully erased. "I enter my protest against DATES," she writes. "What has a woman to do with dates—cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates? I mean to have none of them." It is, however, understood that Sydney Owenson was born in 1777; and it is said by one of her biographers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (who does not give his authority), that "her birth occurred on shipboard." She is, at best, but half Irish, for her mother was an Englishwoman. She herself tells us she was born on Christmas-day, in "ancient ould Dublin." Her father was Robert Owenson—according to his daughter, "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." He was an actor, and manager of theatres in Dublin. During one of his professional tours in England he met at Shrewsbury an English lady, Miss Hill (with whom he "ran off"), the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. She was never forgiven.



Pray come & see me
there & as soon as you
can — & believe me
always
Yours truly & thankfully
Your Sydney Morgan

FAC-SIMILE OF LADY MORGAN'S HANDWRITING.

She was not young, but a very serious and sensible woman—unlike her husband in every thing. Of that marriage the issue was Sydney, subsequently married to Sir Charles Morgan, and Olivia, her younger sister by many years, who became the wife of another knight, Sir Arthur Clarke. It is not improbable that his little precocious daughter acted occasionally under his auspices in provincial towns, but she never played in Dublin; and it is certain that her father early resolved, as far as possible, to keep his daughters from the stage; yet what an admirable actress Lady Morgan would have been, had that been her destiny! Early in life, however, she sought independence. She was fond of saying that she had provided for herself from the time she was fourteen years old; and she had so wise and self-preserving a horror of debt, that she either paid ready money for what she wanted, or did without it. Much of her after-prosperity can be traced to that resolution—one which it must have required wonderful firmness to have held to, considering her natural love of display, and her always expensive "surroundings." She became a governess, and discharged the duties of that office in two families, until her writings became remunerative. Her father kept "his girls" at an "eminent boarding-school." He did his best for them; and they largely repaid him by affectionate care and duty till he died, in May, 1812, having enjoyed the luxury of calling each of his daughters "my lady."

LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

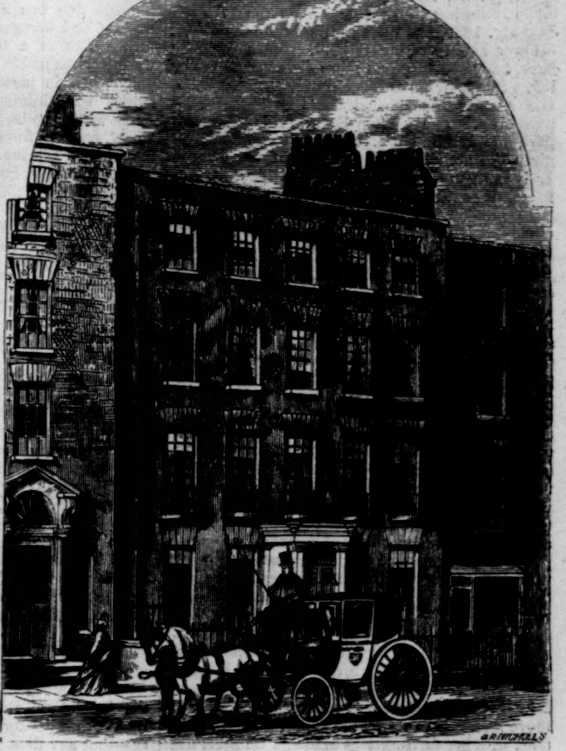
Her younger days were passed amidst perplexing, harassing, indeed terrible, trials, under which a loftier nature might have fallen. She touches on them, though rarely, "seeing a father frequently torn to prison, a mother on the point of beggary with her children," and so forth.

From her earliest girlhood up to the very eve of her marriage she had her perpetual flirtations; but there her love affairs began and ended. Some of her sage friends opined that she "flirted more than was right," and it is probable she occasionally stood so near the fire as slightly to singe her white garments. Still she was ever "safe;" like her countrywomen generally—I would almost say universally—realizing the portrait of the poet Moore, of

> "The wild sweet-briery fence
> That round the flowers of Erin dwells,
> Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
> Nor charms us least when it most repels."

The seemingly light and frivolous, and really fascinating girl—fascinating both as girl and woman—escaped the only slander that surely slays. Yet she had at no period of her life any sustaining and preserving power from that which supports in difficulties and upholds in danger—RELIGION; and she was continually in society where, without a protector, she might have seemed an easy victim.

Her literary career began early, yet not so early as she liked to make it appear. Her abilities were gifts of nature. "All," she writes, "that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction give to literary composition was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me."



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

In 1801 her first book was published in Dublin, and afterward in London, by Sir Richard Phillips; thenceforward she continued working for more than half a century, having written and published, from the commencement to the close of her career, upward of seventy volumes.

In 1812 she married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. He had received knighthood at the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Lord-Lieutenant, by request of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, the then friends of Sydney Owenson, who were resolved that their "pet" should have a title. Both events came off at their seat, Baron's Court: there the doctor was knighted; there the two were made one. Contrary to prophecies of friends and to general expectation, they were a happy couple. Sir Charles had personal advantages, and he was a man of strong mind, yet happily a devoted believer in his wife, while she had large respect for him: his sound common-sense and her erratic nature harmonized. He was a Doctor of Medicine, the friend and correspondent of Jenner. Though younger by five or six years than Miss Owenson, he was not young when he, a widower and an Englishman, born in London in 1783, wooed and won the Wild Irish Girl. He was tall, handsome, of very gentlemanly address, respectably born and connected, with some independent property, and madly in love with the fascinating "Glorvina." She was not so desperately smitten with him. "A little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him," she writes. He was too quiet; in a word, too English. Nevertheless, he became a thorough Irishman—"more Irish than the Irish," like the old Anglo-Norman settlers; took the Liberal side in politics; and was a sturdy fighter for Catholic emancipation. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—"a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation." In August, 1844, he died. His death was a heavy loss to Lady Morgan; for she loved him, confided in him, and felt for him entire respect. And he was worthy of it; for there had been neither envy of her fame nor jealousy of the admiration she excited, where a lower nature might have felt both.

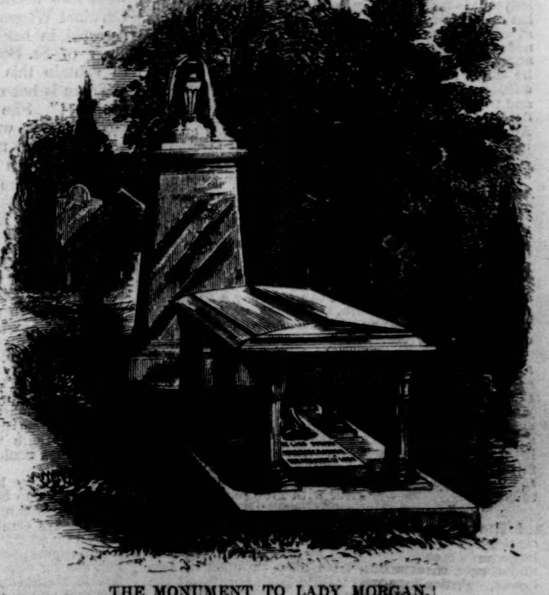
After her marriage, when the sound, "Milady," always so pleasant to her, had become familiar in all Dublin coteries, she used to give parties weekly in Kildare Street, and assumed to be the leader of literary fashion. There was no one to dispute her *rôle*, and her "evenings" drew together much of the talent, and some of the rank, of the Irish capital. Only once I was among her guests; for soon after I became acquainted with her I left that city, and launched my bark on the turgid and troubled river of life in London.

In the spring of 1837 Lord Melbourne granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters." She had saved a sum by no means inconsiderable. Sir Charles had an income of his own; and being "independent," she resolved upon leaving Ireland and settling in England—in a word, to become "an absentee," a class she had unequivocally condemned when she saw little chance of being of it; and although she afterward wrote a sort of apology for the step—publishing, indeed, a book on the subject, arguing "that English misgovernment and misrule made Ireland uninhabitable;" that it was "the English government, and not the natives of the country, who were to blame," and so forth—she failed to convince her country or herself of the righteousness of her removal. Probably her attractions "at home" had grown less; many of her old friends had departed, some to England, others to the better land.

It is clear that, so early as '32, she had wearied of the Irish capital, which she described as "in summer a desert inhabited only by loathsome beggars." In 1833 she writes, "The Irish destiny is between Bedlam and a jail." "Dear dirty Dublin," gradually became "odious Dublin." In 1835 she talked of "wretched Dublin, the capital of wretched Ireland." In 1837 she wrote,

> "Oh, Ireland, to you
> I have long bade a last and a painful adieu!"

And so, having "freighted a small vessel" with their household gods, Sir Charles and Lady Mor-



THE MONUMENT TO LADY MORGAN.]

gan became permanent residents in London, taking, after a brief "looking about," what she terms a *maisonnette*, No. 11 William Street, Knightsbridge, entering into possession on the 17th of January, 1838, and there continuing to her death—never again visiting Ireland. Naturally, perhaps, her popularity had there dwindled to nothing. She is by no means the only "native" who was a patriot in adversity and an absentee in prosperity. The painter Barry said, "Ireland gave me breath, but Ireland never would have given me bread." And in one of her letters Lady Morgan writes, "There is as little affection for merit as there is market."*

In London she aimed to be the centre of a circle—artistic, literary, scientific, aristocratic; giving large parties as well as small; sometimes crowding into two rooms of very limited size a hundred guests—persons of all ranks, patricians and plebeians. Certainly the arrangement of her rooms was most effective; the lights and shadows were in the right places, the seats were comfortable—"easy chairs"—the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either peculiar or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but many of the toys were histories. Her society—often so conflicting, composed of elements that never could socially mingle—she managed with admirable tact, sometimes no easy task; for there were the Russian and the Pole; the "black Orangeman" and the "bitter Papist;" the proud aristocrat and the small-fry of letters; in a word, people were compelled to rub against each other whose positions, opinions, and interests were not only at variance, but in entire and utter hostility.†

She would have liked to have written "Corinne," and been expatriated by Napoleon. She was very proud of being ordered to leave France, but it was not followed up as she hoped it would have been. She liked to be thought to sit and move like Madame De Staël, and to rub a bit of stick with her forefinger as Madame De Staël did when in thought. But Lady Morgan, after the first fancy of the moment, could not be an imitator; her impulses grew into objects, and the earnestness born of affection matured into reality.

As I have said, she continued to reside in William Street after she became a widow, and during the remainder of her life. At length, however, the foe she most dreaded—old age—gradually drew nearer and nearer. Toward the end of 1852 her letters and diary record the losses of old friends. One after another departed, and she was left almost alone with old memories: they were warnings to set her house in order; but they were not solemn enough to impress her with any feeling akin to continuous grief, or to create dread of the "enemy." To the last she was *toujours gaie;* new friends came to replace the old; some one "worth seeing" was sure to be at her "reception;" and the bait of an invitation was too tempting to be resisted, notwithstanding the sure pressure of a mingled crowd.

The death of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, in 1857, did alarm her; and toward the close of 1858 it became obvious to her friends—suspicious to herself—that her work on earth was done. Her beloved sister, Olivia, Lady Clarke, her oldest friend and earliest companion, with whom she had struggled through a precarious youth, had died some years before (1845). On her birthday, 1858, Lady Morgan had a dinner-party, told stories, and sung a comic song. On the 17th of March, 1859, she had a musical party at which we were present;‡ a gay and crowded party it was—full of what she ever liked to see, celebrities or notorieties; and on the 16th of April, 1859, she died. She was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, where a tomb, executed by Mr. Sherrard Westmacott, has been erected to her memory by her niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones.§

The life of Lady Morgan was one of excitement from its dawn to its close. Even when a governess, "instructor of youth,"* her days were never sad, nor did time hang heavily on her hands. She was a charming companion at all periods, and was generally regarded in that light rather than as a teacher. Her animal spirits were inexhaustible; if not handsome, she was pretty, and in person attractive; she told Irish stories with inimitable humor, and sung Irish songs with singular *esprit;* she had been familiar with "society" from her childhood, and had been reared in self-dependence; her vanity, her value of herself, made her at ease amidst the great as among the small; like the soldier of fortune, she had all to gain and nothing to lose; reckless as regarded foes, but fervent in defense of friends. Living on praise as the very breath of her life, flattery, no matter how gross, seemed never to exceed her right. No doubt much of "womanliness" was sacrificed to that perpetual exercise of self-dependence. Self-dependence is not the natural destiny of woman—rarely bringing content, and still more rarely happiness.

A writer who knew her in her prime thus pictures "Glorvina" at "the Castle:" "Hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly-curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, she glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet or solid band of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for every body." "Notwithstanding her natural defects, she made a picturesque appearance." Another writer, alluding to the "unevenness" of her eyes, says "they were, however, large, lustrous, and electrical." Prince Puckler Muskau (who published a tour in Ireland in 1828) describes her as "a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes."

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Lady Morgan at a later year of her life:

"Lady Morgan's person was so well known to the *habitués* of London—at all events, to the classes that belong to the fashionable and literary—that any description for *them* may be, as she would have said, *de trop;* but thousands have been, at one time or other of their lives, interested in her works, and the sort of flying reputation she had for saying and doing odd, but clever, things, and the marvelous *tact* which comprised so much of her talent, or the talent whose greatest society-power was *tact*. To those we say that Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; that her head was large, round, and well formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies 'humor,' dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her 'nothings' pleasant; and whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the 'way she had' of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espièglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling."

Portraits of her were, of course, often painted; more frequently in France than in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence pictured her, but expressed a wish that, if engraved, his name should not go with it! David d'Angers sculptured her bust. The portrait that stands at the head of this Memory is from a photograph taken not very long before her death, but subsequently "worked upon."† It is engraved from the copy she gave us. In 1824, the poet Samuel Lover, then a miniature-painter in Dublin, painted a portrait of her. It was to have been engraved by Meyer; "but," says Lady Morgan's biographer, "between the painter and the engraver, the result was such unmitigated *ugliness* that Colburn would not let it appear."

Few writers have aroused more hostility, or have been more thoroughly abused. Her grand enemy was her countryman, John Wilson Croker. It was he who assailed her in the *Quarterly Review*, accusing her, either indirectly or directly, of "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism." She had her revenge—her character of Crawley junior, in "Florence Macarthy," must have been a bayonet-stab in the very vitals of her foe.‡ He certainly overshot the mark; there can be no doubt that his severity augmented the popularity of Lady Morgan, and increased the number of her friends. She was found to be "an awkward customer" whenever she was assailed. She girded on her armor even to the last, and went into battle with no less an adversary than Cardinal Wiseman, who attacked her for having asserted, in her book on Italy, that the sacred chair of St. Peter, when examined, was found to contain this passage in Arabic characters: "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" She answered the Cardinal in a pamphlet—it was the old war-horse roused to energy by the trumpet-call to battle. Latterly her sight began to give way, and she was almost blind when she ran a tilt against "his Eminence."

Let us fancy her gay ladyship traveling through France with her little "Irish harp case," that was mistaken for a *petit mort* she had brought over to bury in Père-la-Chaise; buying herself "a *chapeau de soleil* with corn-flowers stuck in the side of it—twenty francs;" receiving from Lafayette and his household assurances of "the attachment of three generations;" her "Wednesdays" in the gay city, where the highest and the lowest met—princes, dukes, marshals, counts, actors, Maltese knights, small poets, and small wits—in a word, any celebrity or any notoriety, male or female, was welcome to her *salon*. There the first violin player of France placed her on a raised seat, and declared she was his "inspiration." There Humboldt called and left his card, with the penciled words, "Toujours malheureux." Generally, however, she "kept clear of the English;" content with any praise, and greedy only of the admiration that was to be had without the asking; yet ever so pleasant, so full of point, so perfect in the *style parlant*, as she terms it, as really to be what she aimed to be—the queen of society.*

If her triumph was less in London than in the Elysées, it was because her worshipers were more phlegmatic than their light-tongued and light-hearted neighbors. Yet her "evenings at home" were always "successes."

Lady Morgan had an idea that she might be the means of bringing together in fraternal intercourse the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent on a more extensive scale than was possible in her *maisonnette*. Mr. Mackinnon, of Hyde Park Place, had a large house, a suit of rooms capable of "entertaining" many, and in partnership with that estimable gentleman her plan was to be carried out. He was to issue cards to ladies and gentlemen of his order; she, to those who were eminent in literature, science, and art. The cards were printed accordingly. They expressed that Lady Morgan and Mr. Mackinnon desired to be honored with the company of So-and-so on the evening of Wednesday, July 16. It was certainly somewhat startling to read the names thus joined; it was known that the one was a widow, the other a widower, and there was consequently no just cause or impediment why the two should not be joined together. Still it was curious, and "gossip" might have been excused, especially as the card was lithographed in the joint names, that of Lady Morgan standing first. We received our invitation from her ladyship's own hands, and accepted it. On the evening of the 16th we duly entered the drawing-room at Hyde Park Place. We heard titles of all degrees announced; but hardly a name eminent in literature, art, or science greeted our ears. There were present perhaps two hundred people of rank, but, excepting ourselves and three or four others of our "calling," Lady Morgan had no followers to fraternize with those of Mr. Mackinnon. Speculation was in vain as to the cause of so appalling an effect. The lady was evidently irate; there was no way of accounting for the humiliating fact, and, as may be supposed, the evening passed off with amazing dullness, for the co-operation of no other lions had been sought. A few days afterward the mystery was explained. Mr. Mackinnon had agreed to envelop and direct such cards as were to go to his "order," Lady Morgan undertaking the transmission of such as were intended to lure the magnates of her own circle and craft. The cards, properly prepared and addressed, she handed to Mr. Mackinnon's butler for the post; but either that important functionary forgot his duty, or grudged the postage, or thought it beneath him and his master to invite so many untitled guests—at all events, they were subsequently found safe in his desk, where they had been in comfortable seclusion from the day when dear Lady Morgan placed them in his hands. It is needless to say, there began and ended the scheme of her ladyship to bring together the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent.

She had that cordiality of manner which "took" at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy;† she would aid, and not depress, young authorship; she was often generous with her purse, as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her; and flattered as she had been from her youth upward, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed a character of arrogance—that when she called herself "Glorvina," it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy—that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?

She was essentially *matérielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular, if not honored, old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts.

Her tact was portable, applicable, alive, alert, marketable, good-natured, ever ready at call, and consequently often useful; yes, and useful to others as well as to herself, for she was continually "on the watch" to serve a friend and set aside a difficulty. Lady Morgan had no left hand, no deaf ear, "no blind side;" she was life, bright life, from top to toe. Even when her receptions were over, and, at her great age, it might have been supposed she had gone wearied and languidly to bed, she chattered cheerfully to her maid, and closed her eyes with a jest.

She was created for society—enjoyed and lived in society to the last: nothing annoyed her so much as being invited to a *small party*. She liked the crowded room, the loud announcement, and the celebrity she had earned. Her vanity was charming; it was different from every other vanity; it was so *naïve*, so original, and she admitted it with the frankness of a child. "I know I am vain," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. It is not put off and on, like my *rouge;* it is always with me, it sleeps with me, wakes with me, companions me in my solitude, and arrays itself for publicity whenever I go abroad. I wrote books when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Dan O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs among the wild crags of Derrynane." "I *am* vain," she said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. Look at the number of books I have written! Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day: one from a duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock: *that* stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand, and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added, "Ah, that is a long time ago! Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and *they* would make a wiser woman vain."

If you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she would reply, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is! How *do* you preserve its color?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." When we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by her mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but our enjoyment would be, at times, suddenly disturbed by a sarcasm—just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard.

Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared to be—to strangers—to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. Speaking with Mrs. Hall of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan—"They do every thing that is fashionable—*imperfectly;* their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and, had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They can not earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases better. Cultivate *one thing* to *perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of; let her feel, '*That* will carry me through life without dependence!' *I* was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan. The faults of her youth were the faults of her age. She was never young. Her mind attained its majority at a very early period. She carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same craving for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on France and Italy, as she did in her novels; the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so unlike in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms.

The last time Mrs. Hall saw "the Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bedroom—a picturesque ruin of old-lady womanhood. Her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that she feared to see the old lady move. "Why, Lady Morgan!" she said, "you are looking far better than I expected; you are really looking well." "Ah, no, my dear," she said in reply, "I am not; you should see me in the morning—it's the rouge! it's the rouge!"

SPECTACLES.

SPECTACLES are worn by so many people nowadays that we are often inclined to wonder how former generations managed to get on without them before they were invented. The old Greeks and Romans do not seem to have known the luxury; but then, perhaps, their eyes were better than those of the present short-sighted race of mortals. One thing, they had not so many newspapers to trouble them as we have. But spectacles, after all, are not such a recent invention as might, perhaps, be thought. They did not come into use in Europe until about the year

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* We once encountered an ultra Irishman, who told us he was going to Lady Morgan's "to blow her up for deserting her country and turning her back on the Liberator." He went, and was so fascinated by the ready smile and few words of tenderness she gave to the memory of "dear old Dublin"—her inimitable *tact* of turning disadvantages into advantages, and foes into friends—that he assured us the next day, "the people of Ireland mistook that charming Lady Morgan altogether; that her heart, every morsel of it, was in Ireland; she lived in England only to *protect her countrymen and prevent their being imposed on.*"

† She told us she had once deplored so earnestly her ignorance of geology to one of its professors that he offered to read a lecture on the subject (which her ladyship lamented pathetically she had not heard) in her drawing-room! She laughed afterward at this, as one of the great difficulties of her social life. She added, "I got out of it by regretting that my present audience were unworthy such an honor, but that if he he would do so the next night! Well, he was kind enough to promise, but I could not have survived it, and the next day, of course, I was very ill." She once described to us a visit paid to her by a young literary American, adding, "I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool. You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated under the shadow of the strawberry leaves."

‡ She usually gave a party on St. Patrick's Day. In 1858 Mrs. Hall received from her this characteristic note:

"*19th March*, 1858. 11 WILLIAM STREET, BELGRAVIA.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,—If I was not as blind as a bat, and as weak as a rat, I would answer your pleasant and kind letter (pleasant because it was *so* kind) *en long et en large:* as it is, I can only say a thousand thanks. I was, in all truth, sending you a little invite for Patrick's Day, when your note arrived with an account of your illness.

"I have been three months confined to my house, and even to particular rooms, by order of Dr. Ferguson; so I have escaped so far bronchitis; but I feel the want of air and exercise. I hope very soon to see you in William Street, and have a few agreeables to meet you. I had my band on Patrick's Night, and sung my Saxon guests an Irish song, which made my little Irish harp reverberate with surprise! I faithfully pay my annual subscription to the Governesses' Institution. I hope it is the one you recommended to me. Ever with kind regards,

"S. MORGAN."

§ The tomb will be found on the right of the principal walk, entering the gate in the Fulham Road. A large plain slab is supported by six pillars; on a slab underneath is carved an Irish harp, propped by two books, "France" and the "Wild Irish Girl." At the base is a wreath of *immortelles*.

* She did not forget this; bequeathing, in her will, a sum of £200 to the Aged Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

† The portrait I give of her is engraved from a photograph taken shortly before her death, one of those she gave to many of her friends—ourselves among the rest. The sun picture was not a very good one—being, indeed, only amateur's work; it was tinted by his or her hand. The artist caught something of the well-known expression, some traits of the dear old face. Like most intellectual faces, however, Lady Morgan's was not to be photographed—not even painted; there was an electricity about it which paint-brush could not hope to catch, nor camera to fix.

‡ Croker, by his earliest work, "Familiar Epistles," is said to have done to death the actor Edwin; at least, it was recorded on Edwin's tombstone, in St. Werburgh's Church-yard, that "his death was occasioned by an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation from an anonymous assassin." Croker, among other "names," called Lady Morgan "a female Methuselah," knowing that was a barbed arrow that was sure to stick.

* Among other peculiarities, her gay ladyship describes herself as a Freemason: a venerable marquise—"the dear *belle et bonne* of Voltaire"—being *grande maîtresse* of a lodge—proposed it to her, and she became "a free and accepted mason." The *belle et bonne* at the inauguration wore a picture of Voltaire, set in brilliants. There were men masons present, among them the Bishop of Jerusalem and the actor Talma. "AS TO THE SECRET," she writes, "it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed;" and certainly her ladyship may well wonder how it was that a secret confided to many women, young and beautiful and worldly, should never have been revealed. She does not tell us if she wore an apron, but the *belle et bonne* marquise did; and so the *illustrée Anglaise* was added to the list of free and accepted masons—"received with acclamation and three rounds of applause, and cries of 'Honneur! honneur!'"

† When both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan wrote for a well-known periodical, they were ever ready to foster young talent; and I call to mind with gratitude her generous criticism on the works of an author, whom a less generous nature would have thought a poacher on what she might have considered her own Irish preserve. Lady Morgan had her quick and national appreciation of an absurdity or a weakness, and could not help having "a fling" at it; it was your neighbor's turn to-day, and might be yours to-morrow; but what matter? she would do you a kindness, and be really glad to do it, all the same. She never put the young aspirant for celebrity aside, to pay more attention to a titled visitor.

1300, but they are of unfathomable antiquity in China—not, indeed, of glass, but of rock-crystal. We affect to despise the humble efforts of the untutored Esquimaux, but even they have had a sort of spectacles of their own long before they ever had an opportunity of seeing any from other lands. They are ignorant of the manufacture of glass, or even of pottery, and they therefore can not construct a lens; but they have constructed an instrument of wood and bone—an eye shade—which is not only a protection to the visual organs, but assists the visual power of the eyes. The Esquimaux term it "*ittee-yaga*,"—"far sight"—the very synonym of our word telescope.

A VISIT TO PRESIDENT GRANT.

A "LONDON Parson," who has been doing America, gives the following pleasant account of a visit to President Grant:

I did not intend to seek admission into the White House, for the President was at home, and I thought it might be closed. However, I walked up to look at the outside. It deserves the name of the White House, even in a city of white edifices, for every thing about it—the glaring road, the blinds, the door itself—helped to claim the title. I saw no one about, no sentries, no servants of any kind. A soldier's horse was tied up at the entrance, but every thing stood quiet and still in the bright sunshine. Presently four persons, Americans, whom I had seen doing the sights of Washington, and whom, indeed, I had not long before directed to the spiral staircase which leads up the dome of the Capitol, came sauntering out. They walked away, and the door was shut behind them. Another orderly rode up, tied his horse to a ring in the portico, and walked in. I turned aside, and was strolling off, supposing the White House was closed to visitors for the day, when an old negress came smiling out by some side door.

"Mornin', Sar," said she.

"Mornin', marm," said I. I supposed her to be a sort of Aunt Sally among the servants, and asked her if the house was still open.

"Bless you, Sar," she replied, "I've been there three hours; but I didn't see the President after all."

"Did you want to see him?"

"Yes, Sar; wages very low, work scarce."

"Did you expect him to find you any?"

"Well, Sar, I thought I'd go and see; but he is busy."

Then she volunteered her opinion on his fitness for his post, and praised Lincoln. "Ah! I do believe he was a Christian."

Negroes are monstrously communicative. Unlike Americans, they frequently begin the conversation, and are generally very ambitious in their choice of subjects. The negro's talk is as large as his lips. He is always contemplating a long journey, or delivering himself about the greatest matters and the biggest people. The black barber talks of setting up business in London. The boots at the hotel discusses the relation between Canada and the United States. A man who sold pears to us in the train to Richmond mixed up his opinion of Henry Clay, apropos to nothing, with his offers of fruit. This negress laid down the law about the qualification of the chief magistrate with most entertaining decision, and was quite sincere in intending to place her special necessities before none less than the President himself. There was a grotesque pathos in the faith she felt in her appeal to the head of the government.

But he was busy. Busy! I should think so, as he has to listen to every personal tale. However, Aunt Sally provoked me at least to look into the house, so I retraced my steps and rang the front bell. A servant out of livery opened the door at once, and began showing me over the place. I said I was an Englishman passing through Washington, and hoped I was not too late to see the White House.

"Oh no, Sir," he replied; "but you must not expect to see such a palace as you have in England."

While we were looking about I said, "I suppose the President is much pressed upon by visitors."

"Well," he rejoined, "there are pretty many, but I am sure he would see you if you walked up stairs."

"I won't trouble him," said I; "besides, I have not come prepared to seek a presentation."

I referred to my dress, wide-awake and overcoat, which I wore because the wind was keen, though the sun was bright. He saw what I meant, and laughed, adding,

"We don't think about that here, Sir."

So I strolled up the stairs, which were public, and found myself, without introduction, in a large room, where General —— was hearing an application from some contractor at a table, a secretary sitting at another, and an old gentleman standing before the fire with an unlit cigar in his mouth. A negro porter sat by a door on the other side of the room.

The General, too, asked me most courteously if I wanted to see the President. I replied that had I known he received that day I would have sought, with others, the honor of making my bow to him, but that I did not like to go in as I was. He smiled, and said that made no difference, and added,

"Send your card in. Sit down."

So I gave him my card and sat down, while he went on with his business. In a minute or two I was called into an inner room, and found the President standing before the fire smoking a cigar. He was exceedingly courteous, and honored me with some conversation about Utah and the great line, the former of which he knew much about personally, having been there. Then I made my bow, he shook hands, and I went out, certainly much impressed with the extreme facility of access granted by the head of the government to visitors. The whole thing was so unexpectedly informal that I felt it difficult to realize that I had had an interview with so great a personage as the President of the United States. He is a very gentlemanly man, with a quiet, deliberate voice, and an eye that looks straight at you when he speaks. He wore an ordinary morning dress, almost scrupulously well-fitting; and I noticed that, like the majority of Americans, he had a small, white hand and very neat boots.

There can be no greater mistake than to represent the conventional American in a tail coat and bulgy boots. I did not notice a tail coat worn in the morning while in America, nor did I ever see a more clean-heeled race in my life. Even in the rough West, where trowsers are worn stuffed into "Wellingtons"—though they are not known by that name there—the boots were almost invariably neatly built. Our guide in the Sierra wore a high-heeled pair, which might have come out of the most fashionable shop in Regent Street.

The President is exposed to much detail of work, which must be very wearisome. He receives, I forget whether it is twice or three times a week, and is, of course, constantly pestered with personal applications for office. It was exceedingly good-natured in him to see me, a wandering Englishman, as he did after the reception hours had passed. No one, moreover, could be more pleasantly courteous than General ——, with whom before I left I had some very agreeable conversation. And this courtesy descends to lower officials. Again and again I ventured to introduce myself to such as the officers of Public Charities and Corrections, and Emigration, in New York, and nowhere did I find a "Jack in office." All every where offered me all the facilities in their power, often putting themselves to trouble in showing me what I wanted to see. The ordinary attendants, moreover, never seemed to expect a fee. Only once did I have a hint of the kind, and that was from a convict boat-crew, in parti-colored dresses, when their officer offered to row me across the East River from the penitentiary. They suggested that they had no "baccy."

SOOT ON THE BRAIN.

TOBACCO has always had its opponents, from James I., of "Counterblast" memory, down to the disgusted ones of the present day. We never read the royal author; but if his facts were any thing like as alarming as those of old Theophilus Gale, in his "Court of the Gentiles" (1676), we think James must have had many converts. Theophilus says: "I had three friends, and two of them, worthy divines, taken away by apoplexies within the space of one year, all great *tabaconists*. Again, it fills the brain with fuliginose black vapors or smoke, like the soot of a chimney. Pauvius, a great anatomist, and Falkenburgius affirm that by the abuse of this fume the brain contracts a kind of black soot; and they prove the opinion both by experience and reason. Raphelengius relates that Pauvius, dissecting one that had been a great smoker, found his brain clothed with a kind of black soot. And Falkenburgius proves by these reasons that not only fuliginose vapors, but also a black crust, like that of the soot on a chimney back, is contracted on the skull by the inordinate use of tobacco." After this we think we will take a pipe.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE lady put her hand to her heart, and was silent a long time.

At last she said, doggedly but faintly, "You will go with me to that place to-morrow, one of you."

"I'll go, my lady," said Moss. "Will, here, had better not show his face. They might take the law on him for that there shot."

Drake hung his head, and his ardor was evidently cooled by discovering that Sir Charles had been taken to a mad-house.

Lady Bassett saw and sighed, and said she would take Moss to show her the way.

At eleven o'clock next morning a light carriage and pair came round to the Hall gate, and a large basket, a portmanteau, and a bag were placed on the roof under care of Moss; smaller packages were put inside; and Lady Bassett and her maid got in, both dressed in black.

They reached Bellevne House at half past two. The lodge gate was open, to Lady Bassett's surprise, and they drove through some pleasant grounds to a large white house.

The place at first sight had no distinctive character: great ingenuity had been used to secure the inmates without seeming to incarcerate them. There were no bars to the lower front windows, and the side windows, with their defenses, were shrouded by shrubs. The sentinels were out of sight, or employed on some occupation or other, but within call. Some patients were playing at cricket; some ladies looking on; others strolling on the gravel with a nurse, dressed very much like themselves, who did not obtrude her functions unnecessarily. All was apparent indifference, and Argus-eyed vigilance. So much for the surface.

Of course, even at this moment, some of the locked rooms had violent and miserable inmates.

The hall door opened as the carriage drew up; a respectable servant came forward.

Lady Bassett handed him her card, and said, "I am come to see my husband, Sir."

The man never moved a muscle, but said, "You must wait, if you please, till I take your card in."

He soon returned, and said, "Dr. Suaby is not here, but the gentleman in charge will see you."

Lady Bassett got out, and, beckoning Mary Wells, followed the servant into a curious room, half library, half chemist's shop; they called it "the laboratory."

Here she found a tall man leaning on a dirty mantel-piece, who received her stiffly. He had a pale mustache, very thin lips, and altogether a severe manner. His head bald, rather prematurely, and whiskers abundant.

Lady Bassett looked him all over with one glance of her woman's eye, and saw she had a hard and vain man to deal with.

"Are you the gentleman to whom this house belongs?" she faltered.

"No, madam; I am in charge during Dr. Suaby's absence."

"That comes to the same thing. Sir, I am come to see my dear husband."

"Have you an order?"

"An order, Sir? I am his wife."

Mr. Salter shrugged his shoulders a little, and said, "I have no authority to let any visitor see a patient without an order from the person by whose authority he is placed here, or else an order from the Commissioners."

"But that can not apply to his wife; to her who is one with him, for better for worse, in sickness or health."

"It seems hard; but I have no discretion in the matter. The patient only came yesterday—much excited. He is better to-day, and an interview with you would excite him again."

"Oh no! no! no! I can always soothe him. I will be so mild, so gentle. You can be present, and hear every word I say. I will only kiss him, and tell him who has done this, and to be brave, for his wife watches over him; and, Sir, I will beg him to be patient, and not blame you nor any of the people here."

"Very proper, very proper; but really this interview must be postponed till you have an order, or Dr. Suaby returns. He can violate his own rules if he likes; but I can not, and, indeed, I dare not."

"Dare not let a lady see her husband? Then you are not a man. Oh, can this be England? It is too inhuman."

Then she began to cry, and wring her hands.

"This is very painful," said Mr. Salter, and left the room.

The respectable servant looked in soon after, and Lady Bassett told him, between her sobs, that she had brought some clothes and things for her husband. "Surely, Sir," said she, "they will not refuse me that?"

"Lord, no, ma'am," said the man. "You can give them to the keeper and nurse in charge of him."

Lady Bassett slipped a guinea into the man's hand directly. "Let me see those people," said she.

The man winked, and vanished: he soon reappeared, and said, loudly, "Now, madam, if you will order the things into the hall."

Lady Bassett came out and gave the order.

A short, bull-necked man, and rather a pretty young woman with a flaunting cap, bestirred themselves getting down the things; and Mr. Salter came out and looked on.

Lady Bassett called Mary Wells, and gave her a five-pound note to slip into the man's hand. She telegraphed the girl, who instantly came near her with an India rubber bath, and, affecting ignorance, asked her what that was.

Lady Bassett dropped three sovereigns into the bath, and said, "Ten times, twenty times that, if you are kind to him. Tell him it is his cousin's doing, but his wife watches over him."

"All right," said the girl. "Come again when the doctor is here."

All this passed, in swift whispers, a few yards from Mr. Salter, and he now came forward and offered his arm to conduct Lady Bassett to the carriage.

But the wretched, heart-broken wife forgot her art of pleasing. She shrank from him with a faint cry of aversion, and got into her carriage unaided. Mary Wells followed her.

Mr. Salter was unwilling to receive this rebuff. He followed, and said, "The clothes shall be given, with any message you may think fit to intrust to me."

Lady Bassett turned away sharply from him, and said to Mary Wells, "Tell him to drive home. Home! I have none now. Its light is torn from me."

The carriage drove away as she uttered these piteous words.

She cried at intervals all the way home; and could hardly drag herself up stairs to bed.

Mr. Angelo called next day with bad news. Not a magistrate would move a finger against Mr. Bassett: he had the law on his side. Sir Charles was evidently insane; it was quite proper he should be put in security before he did some mischief to himself or Lady Bassett. "They say, why was he hidden for two months, if there was not something very wrong?"

Lady Bassett ordered the carriage and paid several calls, to counteract this fatal impression.

She found, to her horror, she might as well try to move a rock. There was plenty of kindness and pity; but the moment she began to assure them her husband was not insane she was met with the dead silence of polite incredulity. One or two old friends went further, and said, "My dear, we are told he could not be taken away without two doctors' certificates: now, consider, they must know better than you. Have patience, and let them cure him."

Lady Bassett withdrew her friendship on the spot from two ladies for contradicting her on such a subject; she returned home almost wild herself.

In the village her carriage was stopped by a woman with her hair all flying, who told her, in a lamentable voice, that Squire Bassett had sent nine men to prison for taking Sir Charles's part and ill-treating his captors.

"My lawyer shall defend them at my expense," said Lady Bassett, with a sigh.

At last she got home, and went up to her own room, and there was Mary Wells waiting to dress her.

She tottered in, and sank into a chair. But, after this temporary exhaustion, came a rising tempest of passion; her eyes roved, her fingers worked, and her heart seemed to come out of her in words of fire. "I have not a friend in all the county. That villain has only to say 'Mad,' and all turn from me, as if an angel of truth had said 'Criminal.' We have no friend but one, and she is my servant. Now go and envy wealth and titles. No wife in this parish is so poor as I; powerless in the folds of a serpent. I can't see my husband without an order from *him*. He is all power, I and mine all weakness." She raised her clinched fists, she clutched her beautiful hair as if she would tear it out by the roots. "I shall go mad! I shall go mad! No!" said she, all of a sudden. "That will not do. That is what he wants—and then my darling *would* be defenseless. I will not go mad." Then suddenly grinding her white teeth: "I'll teach him to drive a lady to despair. I'll fight."

She descended, almost without a break, from the fury of a Pythoness to a strange calm. Oh! then it is her sex are dangerous.

"Don't look so pale," said she, and she actually smiled. "All is fair against so foul a villain. You and I will defeat him. Dress me, Mary."

Mary Wells, carried away by the unusual violence of a superior mind, was quite bewildered.

Lady Bassett smiled a strange smile, and said, "I'll show you how to dress me;" and she did give her a lesson that astonished her.

"And now," said Lady Bassett, "I shall dress you." And she took a loose full dress out of her wardrobe, and made Mary Wells put it on; but first she inserted some stuffing so adroitly that Mary seemed very buxom, but what she wished to hide was hidden. Not so Lady Bassett herself. Her figure looked much rounder than in the last dress she wore.

With all this she was late for dinner, and when she went down, Mr. Angelo had just finished telling Mr. Oldfield of the mishap to the villagers.

Lady Bassett came in animated and beautiful.

Dinner was announced directly, and a commonplace conversation kept up till the servants were got rid of. She then told Mr. Oldfield how she had been refused admittance to Sir Charles at Bellevue House, a plain proof, to her mind, they knew her husband was not insane; and begged him to act with energy, and get Sir Charles out before his reason could be permanently injured by the outrage and the horror of his situation.

This led to a discussion, in which Mr. Angelo and Lady Bassett threw out various suggestions, and Mr. Oldfield cooled their ardor with sound objections. He was familiar with the Statutes de Lunatico, and said they had been strictly observed both in the capture of Sir Charles and in Mr. Salter's refusal to let the wife see the husband. In short, he appeared either unable or unwilling to see any thing except the strong legal position of the adverse party.

Mr. Oldfield was one of those prudent lawyers who search for the adversary's strong points, that their clients may not be taken by surprise; and that is very wise of them. But wise things require to be done wisely: he sometimes carried this system so far as to discourage his client too much. It is a fine thing to make your client think his case the weaker of the two, and then win it for him easily; that gratifies your own foible, professional vanity. But suppose, with your discouraging him so, he flings up or compromises a winning case? Suppose he takes the huff, and goes to some other lawyer, who will warm him with hopes instead of cooling him with a one-sided and hostile view of his case?

In the present discussion Mr. Oldfield's habit of beginning by admiring his adversaries, together with his knowledge of law and little else, and his secret conviction that Sir Charles was unsound of mind, combined to paralyze him; and, not being a man of invention, he could not see his way out of the wood at all; he could negative Mr. Angelo's suggestions and give good reasons, but he could not, or did not, suggest any thing better to be done.

Lady Bassett listened to his negative wisdom with a bitter smile, and said, at last, with a sigh: "It seems, then, we are to sit quiet and do nothing, while Mr. Bassett and his solicitor strike blow upon blow. There! I'll fight my own battle; and do you try and find some way of defending the poor souls that are in trouble because they did not sit with their hands before them when their benefactor was outraged. Command my purse, if money will save them from prison."

Then she rose with dignity, and walked like a camelopard all down the room on the side opposite to Mr. Oldfield. Angelo flew to open the door, and in a whisper begged a word with her in private. She bowed assent, and passed on from the room.

"What a fine creature!" said Mr. Oldfield. "How she walks!"

Mr. Angelo made no reply to this, but asked him what was to be done for the poor men: "they will be up before the Bench to-morrow."

Stung a little by Lady Bassett's remark, Mr. Oldfield answered, promptly, "We must get some tradesmen to bail them with our money.